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THE *Atlantic*



GREY SEAS UNDER

The Romance of a Rescue Tug

by **FARLEY MOWAT**

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Dr. Adler with some of the rarest books in Puerto Rico's interesting collection. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

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Go to San Juan and you will see the pride of Dr. Adler's life. It's a public collection of rare books, housed in an old Spanish mansion. Our photograph shows a few of its treasures. That chained book was printed in the Fifteenth Century—and the big volume in

the foreground is a facsimile of the famous Gutenberg Bible.

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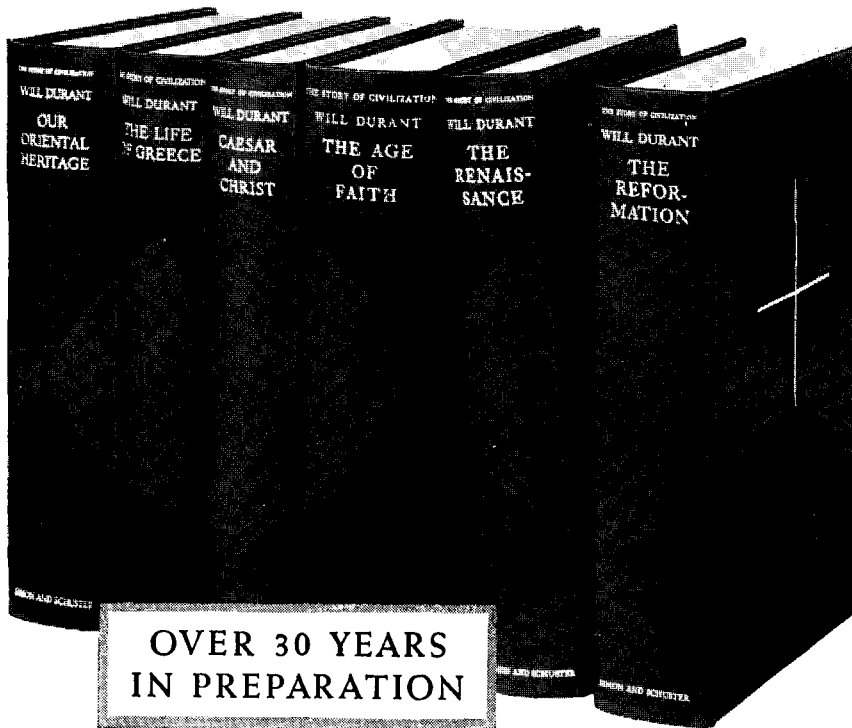
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

OIL IN THE SAHARA

THERE was a time when the Sahara was not the sea of arid sand and desert rock it is known as today. In what is loosely called the prehistoric age, when much of Europe was covered by the ice of the polar cap, this vast region was garlanded with lakes and rivers and inhabited by a Negroid race of hunters.

Flint arrowheads, knife blades, and axes still litter the less barren stretches of the Sahara, while the silhouettes of Central African fauna — elephants, rhinoceroses, ostriches, buffaloes, antelope, and giraffe — have been preserved for us in cave paintings that stretch all the way from the Nememcha Mountains in southeastern Algeria to the caverns of the volcanic Hoggar.

The retreat of the polar icecap is in part the explanation for the subsequent desiccation of the Sahara, but it is not the only one. Lying as it does in the general latitudes of the Tropic of Cancer, the Sahara is subjected to an almost ceaseless bombardment of hot air, originating in the tropics, which has had the moisture drained out of it long before it descends on the parched sands. Rain falls on the more favored regions four or five times a year, while in the Tanzezrouft it rains on an average of once every seven years.

The original Negroid inhabitants have migrated south, leaving the wind-blown wastes to the sole dominion of nomadic warriors from the north and east. In the last thousand years these nomads have put the finishing touches to the long process of desiccation by drinking up the water of the oases, allowing their goats to devour the local vegetation, cutting down the hillside forests for winter firewood, and neglecting the elaborate network of cisterns which the Romans and Byzantines had carefully built up along the fringes of the desert.

By the early nineteen hundreds the Sahara had become the world's least habitable wilderness. Its population of one and a half million was almost exclusively nomadic: in the north the descendants of the Arab Bedouins who swept over North Africa between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries; in the south the veiled Tuaregs of the mountainous Hoggar, descendants of the Berbers who only yesterday were fighting their foes with lances, straight Crusader-like swords, and shields made of antelope hide. From the Atlas Mountains in the north to the Niger in the south, the Sahara gave the impression of being a huge, godforsaken waste whose legendary riches were no more than mirages.

Today the face of the inhospitable Sahara is changing before a new invasion that promises to be more far-reaching than any previously known. The new conqueror of the Sahara is the geologist, and his conquest promises to make it the Siberia of France, if not of Western Europe.

The discovery of oil

As early as 1922 a young French geologist named Conrad Killian set forth on an expedition bent on discovering the legendary emeralds of the Hoggar. He returned to Paris a year later with an enthusiastic account of the traces of organic matter and rock formations indicative of oil which he had found. But no one took his report seriously.

After World War II the French government took official cognizance of Killian's and other geologists' surveys and set up the Bureau de Recherche de Pétrole, which now has scores of geophysical teams scouring for hidden resources both in metropolitan France and in its overseas possessions. One month later the first Sahara prospecting company was established under its aegis — the Société Nationale de Recherche et d'Exploitation des Pétroles en Algérie.



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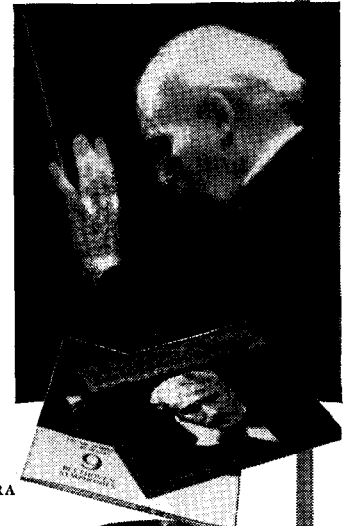
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Oil in the Sahara



In December, 1956, the prospectors discovered oil at a depth of 10,000 feet some thirty-five miles from the north Saharan town of Ouargla and near an abandoned water well. The stucco-built well still stands as a monument to an archaic way of life. And its name, Messaoud's Well — or, as the Arabs say, Hassi Messaoud — has stuck, but today it designates what is almost certainly one of the world's great oil fields.

Two French companies, the Société Nationale and the Compagnie Française des Pétroles d'Algérie, have pooled their resources to explore and exploit the Hassi Messaoud deposit. Though they have been forced by the present lack of French petroleum equipment to use American derricks and some American tractors, most of the pumps, borers, motors, and all of the capital are French. Ten of the eleven wells so far sunk have proved productive and capable of supplying 250 to 300 tons a day. Ten other wells are being sunk and should be in production by the end of the year. The soundings so far taken indicate that the Hassi Messaoud field may have oil reserves approaching 300 million tons — enough to satisfy France's needs for a good ten years.

At the present time the flow from the productive wells is deliberately held to 1200 tons a day, this being the maximum capacity of the 6-inch pipeline linking Hassi Messaoud to Touggourt, one hundred miles to the north. At Touggourt, the oil is pumped into tanker cars and carried north by rail to the Algerian port of Philippeville. Work has already begun, however, on a 24-inch pipeline which will link Hassi Messaoud directly to the port of Bougie, a distance of some four hundred miles. This pipeline, which must cross mountains 3500 feet high before reaching the sea, will be ready in October, 1959, and will permit an annual flow of 14 million tons of oil by 1960.

Conquest by technology

In solving the problems of water, climate, and transportation, the technicians of Hassi Messaoud have been aided both by ultramodern technology and by good luck. The luck has come in the form of water deposits, discovered in the course of drilling for oil. No less than three separate water reservoirs have been found at Hassi Messaoud. The first, at a depth of 220 feet, provides water

which must be pumped to the surface but which is fresh, cool, and immediately drinkable. The second, at a depth of some 4000 feet, provides steaming hot water which gushes forth under pressure at a temperature of 145 degrees Fahrenheit and which is ideally suited for making the mud used in drilling and sinking pipe. Still a third water layer has been found at a depth of over 8000 feet, in this case salt water under the extremely high pressure of 580 kilograms per square centimeter, which, if released, could throw up a geyser several hundred feet high.

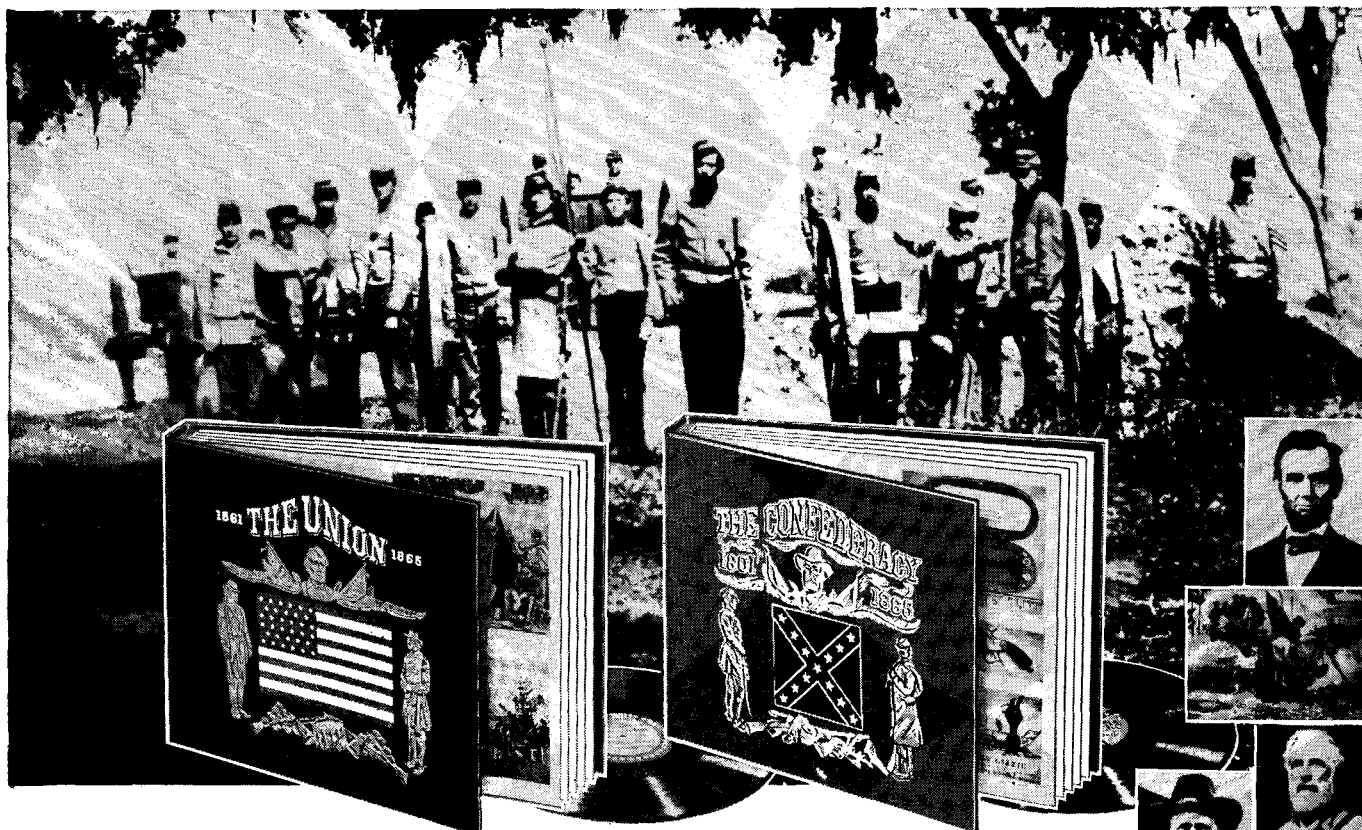
The second problem — that of the heat — has been solved by a combination of endurance, air conditioning, and personnel rotation. At Hassi Messaoud work goes on day and night, in three shifts of eight hours each. At midday in the summer months the thermometer often registers 140 degrees in the sun. But the work continues, and those exposed to the sun's pitiless rays keep themselves going by imbibing five gallons of liquid and swallowing a dozen salt pills a day. Airplanes bringing in fresh meat and vegetables have to land before ten in the morning to avoid missing the landing strip, which later in the day becomes obscured by hot air eddies rising from the torrid sands. Every three weeks the workers at Messaoud are granted relief from their desert exile — no wives or dependents are permitted on the field — and flown back to Algiers or to France for a rest.

The greatest problem at Hassi Messaoud is that posed by distance and transportation. To maintain the present tempo of expansion, two thousand tons of material have to be brought into Hassi Messaoud every week by road. This includes everything from pipe for new wells and storage tanks to earth for the palm trees which are being planted around the wooden cabins of the camps.

The trip from Algiers to Hassi Messaoud (six hundred miles by road), which used to take a week, can now be done in three days, but even so it is no picnic. Between Djelfa and the Saharan outpost of Laghouat the road winds through gorges amid *fellagha*-infested mountains. Trucks have to assemble at military check points and go through in convoy formation. Today there is little danger of ambush, but every so often a truck blows up on a mine.

At Laghouat the desert begins, and here a new danger looms: the danger of getting lost. A fine asphalt highway now extends from Laghouat some three hundred miles southeast, but a minor dust storm is enough to cover it completely. The service companies responsible for keeping the highway open maintain a fleet of brush-sweeping trucks which wage an almost daily battle against the drifting sands.

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Oil in the Sahara



But there are times when even they are powerless to arrest the tide. In November and December, when the sirocco blows most fiercely, dust storms may last as long as a week. Truck drivers must then hole up in their cabins until the storm has abated. To help them face such ordeals each driver is accompanied by a mechanic (known as a "greaser") and carries with him two hundred-gallon barrels of water and provisions to last a month.

At the present time the asphalt road extends some fifty miles beyond Hassi Messaoud as far as a military post called Fort Lallemand. From here there are another six hundred miles to the other major oil field that has been discovered in the Sahara: Edjelé, located on the border of Libya. Here the problems of exploitation are almost exactly the reverse of those at Hassi Messaoud. The three pools of oil so far discovered in this region lie at depths of 1200 to 4000 feet and can be tapped with small derricks and wells that take a mere two weeks to sink. The problem is one of getting the necessary equipment into Edjelé (1250 miles from Algiers) and the oil out to the sea.

The reserves so far discovered at Edjelé are estimated at 100 million tons. The Compagnie de Recherche et d'Exploitation de Pétrole au Sahara, which exploits the Edjelé basin, already has some thirty wells in operation and expects to have from two hundred to four hundred going by 1961. It then expects to be producing 5 million tons of oil a year, which can be shipped to France either by a link-up with the Tougourt-Bougie pipeline or through a new pipeline which could be brought northeastward to the Tunisian port of Gabès or across the Libyan desert to Tripoli.

It is the belief of some French geologists that the two productive fields so far unearthed are only

scratches on the surface of the Sahara's petroleum wealth. Their optimism has communicated itself to a number of French and foreign oil concerns, of which more than a dozen now have prospecting permits covering vast areas of the desert. The foreign firms include Royal Dutch-Shell, British Petroleum, and three American companies, Sinclair Oil, Phillips Petroleum, and the Cities Service Company.

Natural gas

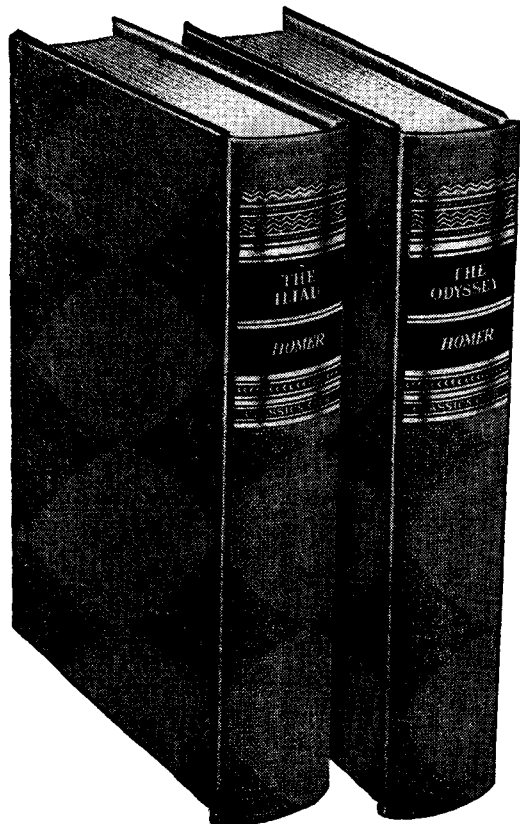
Along with oil, the Sahara contains vast deposits of natural gas. Two major reservoirs have already been discovered, one at In Salah, in the central Sahara, the other at Hassi R'mel, in the north. For the moment neither is being exploited, for lack of a pipeline linking them to the Algerian coast. But farseeing French engineers are dreaming of the day when this gas will be piped north to the area of Bône and there transformed into electric energy for shipment by submarine cable to Sicily and Southern Italy. In the meantime enough gas is burned off every day at Hassi Messaoud to satisfy twice the existing needs of the entire Algerian population.

This illustrates the challenge which the wealth of the Sahara now poses. Its gas and petroleum resources could easily supply the energetic basis for that industrialization of Algeria which is now so urgently needed to provide jobs for a starving and increasing population. As it is, the development of a Sahara petroleum industry, necessitating the construction of roads, pipelines, railways, and airfields as well as the assemblage and maintenance of trucks has given work to thousands.

It is even possible to envisage the day when the 7 million Muslims of the Algerian hinterland will enjoy natural gas piped straight into their homes, and will spare the trees they have hitherto been chopping down for firewood. But that day still seems remote, and it would necessitate a monumental effort of re-education and rehousing on a scale that has probably never been attempted in an underdeveloped country. For the tragedy of the Algerian economy is that the great mass of its population are simply too impoverished at the present time to be able to benefit from the vast riches of the Sahara.

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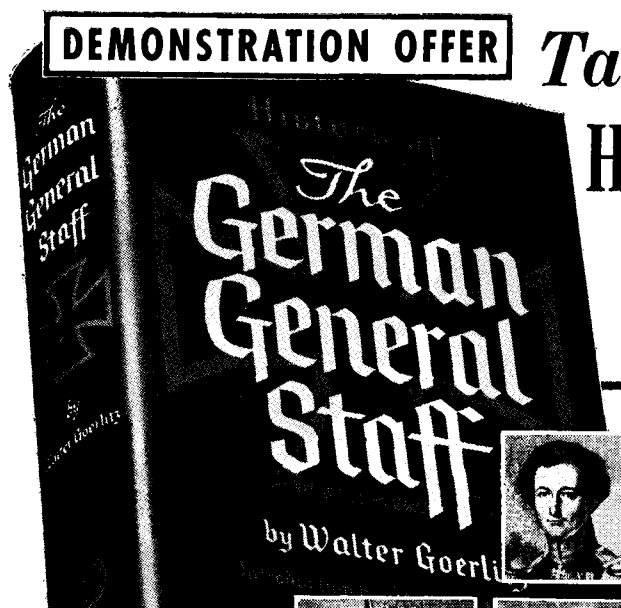
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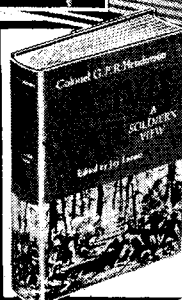
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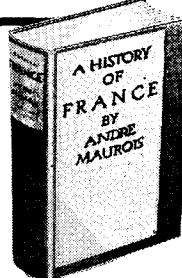
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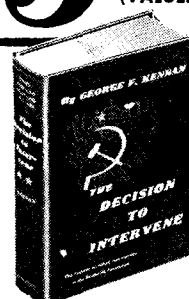
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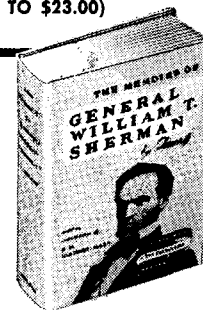
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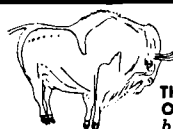
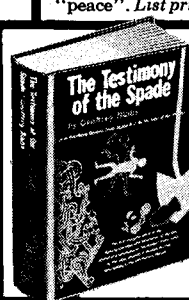
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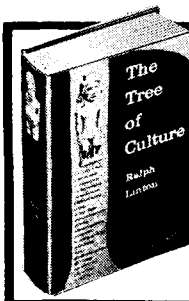
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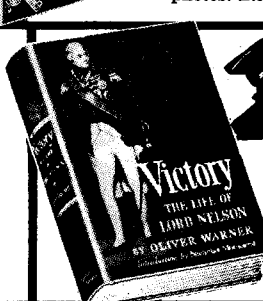
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Report on Washington



the Sino-Soviet area, the Anglo-American NATO area, and the gray area which included the Middle East, Africa, and countries in Asia outside the Communist regions.

Kremlin theoreticians understood better than did Washington policy makers the depth and vitality of the post-war pressures throughout this gray area for a new deal in life. When Nasser asked for arms, Moscow supplied them, and Khrushchev skillfully backed up the arms program with diplomatic support of Arab nationalism. He professed no desire to Communize the Middle East, and he played on the hostility toward Israel. Withdrawal of the Aswan Dam project and the Anglo-French-Israeli attack on Egypt served to implement the Kremlin's argument that the Communists alone were the friends of Arab nationalism.

And in due course came civil war in Lebanon, the coup in Iraq, the marines in Lebanon, and British forces in Jordan. More engulfment of Western interests by Arab nationalism will follow until the West and, above all, the United States decide to come to terms with Arab nationalism, Summit or no Summit. This is the judgment of many in the Capital, including some within the Administration and many more in the Congress.

The need for debate

In deciding to go into Lebanon, Eisenhower and Dulles had to consider two risks. First, that if they did not "evidence the concern of the United States" for the integrity of small nations, as the President put it, the wave of nationalism would sweep away all remnants of pro-Westernism from Morocco on the Atlantic all the way across the globe to the Pacific. And then the door would be open to Communism. Second, that a landing in Lebanon could be risked, because there was no reason to alter the basic American intelligence estimate of Soviet inten-

tions: the Kremlin does not want to take any action which it feels would involve it in a general war.

The immediate reaction in the Capital, as across the nation, was that the President had no other choice under the circumstances. But this was coupled with a feeling that once the reasons for those circumstances became more widely known, especially if the Middle East situation continued to deteriorate, there would be general condemnation of our foreign policy.

Foreign policy should be debated, of course, and it has a proper place in election campaigns. Debate can no longer stop at the water's edge despite the merits of closing ranks behind the President in an immediate period of crisis. Only debate and consideration and understanding will enable the nation to face up to the tasks ahead.

What worries the Pentagon

Even before Lebanon there had been for many weeks a major internal Administration argument over the possibility of fighting, and therefore the preparations for, a limited war. Defense Secretary McElroy has tended to follow much of the prevalent military thinking that a limited war involving the United States with the Soviet Union in any real or direct measure is highly improbable. This is, in fact, what the Russians have been saying.

But the argument is not yet ended, and the lessons of the issue of Lebanon and its ramifications will call for scrutiny. Some inside the government have already strongly argued that the United States should face up to the problem of, say, an explosion within Poland, assuming that limited action would not necessarily mean all-out thermonuclear war as the Kremlin certainly would like the West to believe.

Part of the reluctance to accept doctrinal changes is clearly related to the budget, just as the Administration's original massive retaliation thesis was tied to the more-bang-for-the-buck idea which was so appealing to the Budget Bureau and Treasury. The financial problems are, indeed, staggering. With the rush of science and the concurrent high cost of weapons, even a well-run military

Antibiotics That Act More Swiftly



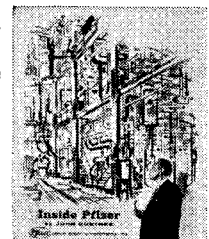
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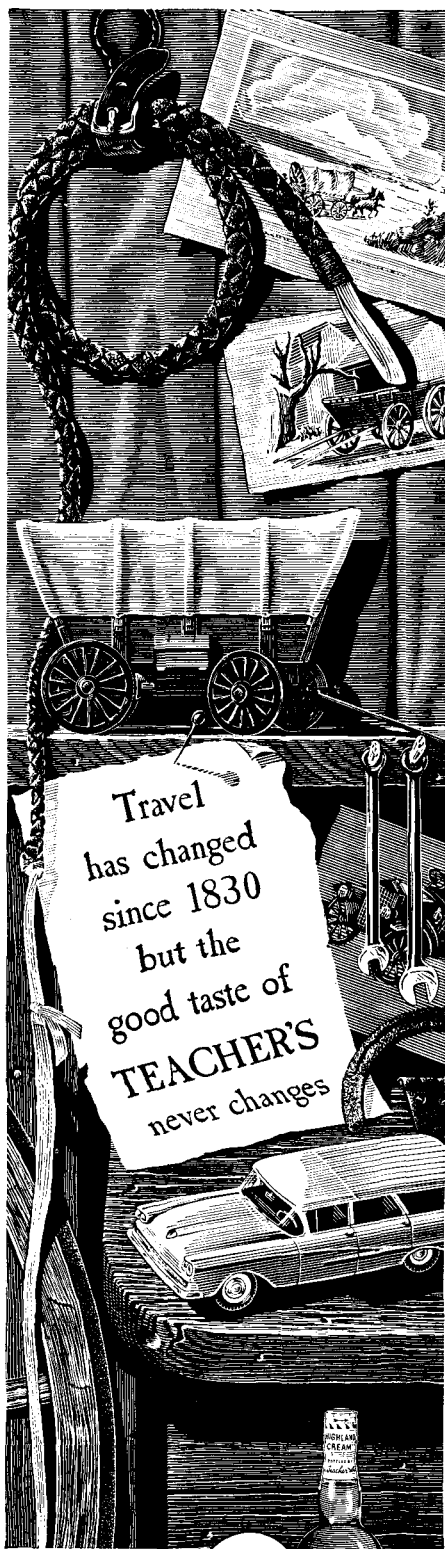


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Report on Washington



establishment will call for a \$60 or \$70 billion budget in ten years compared to today's \$41 billion, officials say. Such a thought is all the more appalling at a time when the economy has been going through a setback and the deficit has been rising. Talk of economic growth to support a higher budget seems like pie in the sky to this Administration.

For example, a B-70 jet bomber costs some \$70 million, and equipping the navy's carriers with supersonic planes of Mach 2 or Mach 3 speed is estimated to cost \$10 billion.

The issue was not resolved in the budget passed by Congress this summer, as many thought it might be, but will have to be faced by the new Congress. The Pentagon's Weapons System Evaluation Group is working on an elaborate study to determine what diversity of weapons is needed. Every service can be expected to fight for the weapons it feels it needs for survival. And worrisome to the military is the issue of disarmament, especially the possibility of an agreement to halt nuclear testing. Can a limitation be devised which will represent only a reasonable risk for both sides? There are those in authority who argue that any such limitation would so inhibit our future weapons development as to make it impossible for the United States to defend itself at home or oppose the Soviet Union abroad.

The record of the Congress

Two major accomplishments in the second session of the eighty-fifth Congress were the creation of a civilian space agency and the Pentagon reorganization measure. Each measure contains both the framework for success and the creaky joints of possible inaction and failure. The space agency is too heavily loaded, many think, with military control. And the Pentagon reorganization bill does not give the President a really free hand to alter roles and missions of the services.

The Congress did release its grip on atomic secrets for Britain, and it preserved the fundamentals of both the reciprocal trade bill and the foreign aid program.

In domestic matters Congress pumped considerable money into the economy via the housing field and public works, including the federal highway program. But the Administration for the most part had its way in allowing the economy to right itself, even at the cost of a lengthy recovery period extending into 1959.

Nothing was done in the civil rights field; in fact, congressional liberals had to concentrate on warding off retaliatory legislation aimed at Supreme Court decisions. In the great domestic issue, racial desegregation, the President let the situation drift and Congress did not even try to legislate. When schools open more trouble looms ahead.

A bright star was added with Alaskan statehood, but Hawaii was forced to wait.

Mood of the Capital

As the members of Congress were going home to campaign, the Republicans were more gloomy than they have been at any time since Franklin D. Roosevelt dominated the nation's political life twenty years ago. The middle-of-the-road Democrats, Speaker Rayburn and Senate Leader Johnson, were even fearful that victories in the North and West in November would bring so many liberals to Congress they would upset the leadership's control. In the South there was some alarm that the Dixiecrats were scheming to repeat in 1960 what they did in 1948, when they managed to rob Truman of electoral votes in several states.

The historians had to go back a long way to find the correct definition of the proper conduct for government employees, once the Adams-Goldfine case had again raised the issue. It was President Thomas Jefferson who wrote, in refusing a gift: "It is a law, sacred to me while in a public character, to receive nothing which bears a pecuniary value. This is necessary to the confidence of my country, it is necessary as an example for its benefit, and necessary to the tranquillity of my own mind."

A COLLEGE EDUCATION DOES NOT MAKE AN EDUCATED MAN



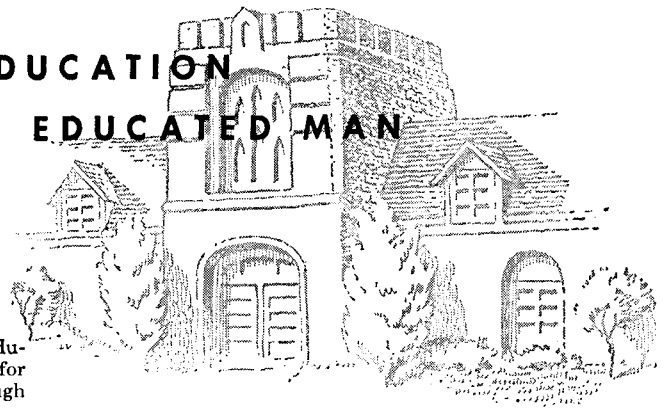
A message from Mortimer J. Adler, Ph.D.
Director for the Institute of Philosophical Research

"The greatest mistake anyone can make about liberal education is to suppose that it can be acquired, once and for all, in the course of one's youth and by passing through school and college.

"This is what schoolboys do not know and, perhaps, cannot be expected to understand while they are still in school. They can be pardoned the illusion that, as they approach the moment of graduation, they are finishing their education. But no intelligent adult is subject to this illusion for long, once his formal schooling is completed.

"He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

"With the years he realizes how very slowly any human being grows in wisdom. With this realization he recognizes that the reason why schooling cannot make young people wise is also the reason why it cannot complete their education. The fullness of time is required for both."



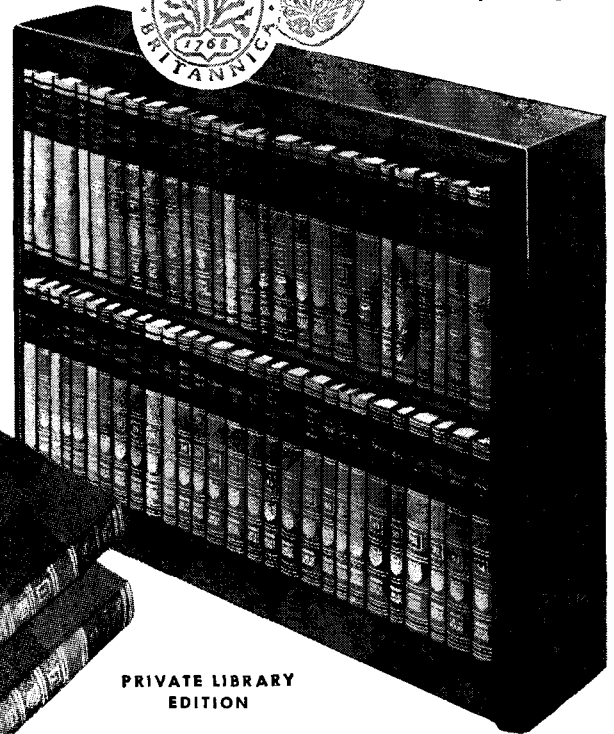
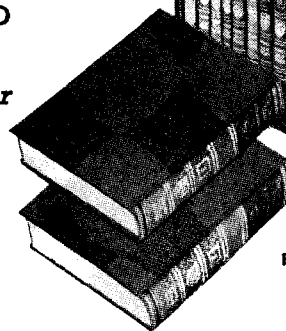
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The Atlantic Report ITALY



THE Italian elections of May 25 came at the time of the great peril to the French Republic, and the passionate talk one could hear in the streets and cafés seemed to overshadow the national issues. People clearly feared that as France goes, so eventually goes Italy. The two countries are closer than they appear, and democracy is not so strongly established in the Italian heritage as to be invulnerable.

It is in this light that one should assess the results of the elections. The people returned the Christian Democrats — that is, the Catholic party — to power by 42 per cent of the vote, giving them an additional few seats but leaving them short of the absolute majority they had been striving for. This showed prudence both ways. Possession in Italian politics is nine points of the law. The party has by now a huge well-oiled machine, experienced in doling out patronage and favors, and it looks stable and safe. Its very lack of a definite program allows it to be most things to most men.

The chief loser was the rock-ribbed Right in its various disguises. The Monarchists were cut down to half of their previous 7 per cent. Their colorful rabble-rousing chief, millionaire shipowner Achille Lauro, great doler-out of the persuasive spaghetti package, has come to his sunset. The Christian Democrats are beginning to attract the votes of the poor peasants in the South, who were once in bondage to the local potentates and landowners. The Nenni Socialists moved from 12 to 14 per cent of the vote, showing a significant gain: 800,000 new votes. The Communists have remained much as they were, at 22 per cent; the smaller splinters are also unchanged. The overall pattern shows a small but steady gravitation toward positions Left of center. As one analyzes the actual vote, one cannot escape the impression of a majority patiently but persistently asking for reforms and not getting them.

As things stand, the Catholic party with its new Premier, Amintore Fanfani, still has to walk a tightrope. Its lack of an absolute majority com-

pels it to some compromise with the strengthened Left. And there is no serious Left to deal with except Nenni's Socialists, who thus take on a pivotal importance.

Nenni's breach with the Communists, at the time of the Hungarian crisis, led to vicious Communist attacks against him which in turn helped him greatly with the electorate. But he has only the beginning of an independent force. He knows he cannot play along with the Christian Democrats except on their own terms, which for him would be destruction. They, on the other hand, know that they could hardly muster a stable center coalition against him, but would be thrown on the mercies of the discredited Right. So Nenni plays a waiting game.

The Italian "Pentagon"

In youth and family groups, Christian Democratic principles appear in their most attractive guise; in politics they reveal all the insufficiencies of compromise and lack of principle. At the top, one finds a cozy Tammany-like atmosphere of all-pervasive clientele, favors, short cuts, boondoggles, and shocking preferences that the Italians by now call simply "the undergovernment," in the sense in which one would mean the underbrush. This undergovernment is being taken over by the Italian "Pentagon," the ruling group in the Vatican.

The five cardinals of the Roman Curia known as the Pentagon include the head of Vatican finance and of many other things besides, Cardinal Canali; Secretary of the Congregation of the Holy Office, Cardinal Ottaviani; Cardinal Pizzardo; Cardinal Micara; and Cardinal Mimmi, Secretary of the Consistory.

To this group there has come now the support of the young Cardinal Siri of Genoa, whom some Italians regard as the heir apparent to the papal throne. The Pentagon has in fact become a hexagon, and an all-powerful one at that, since opposition to it among the other twenty members in the Curia is scattered and ineffectual. Cardinal



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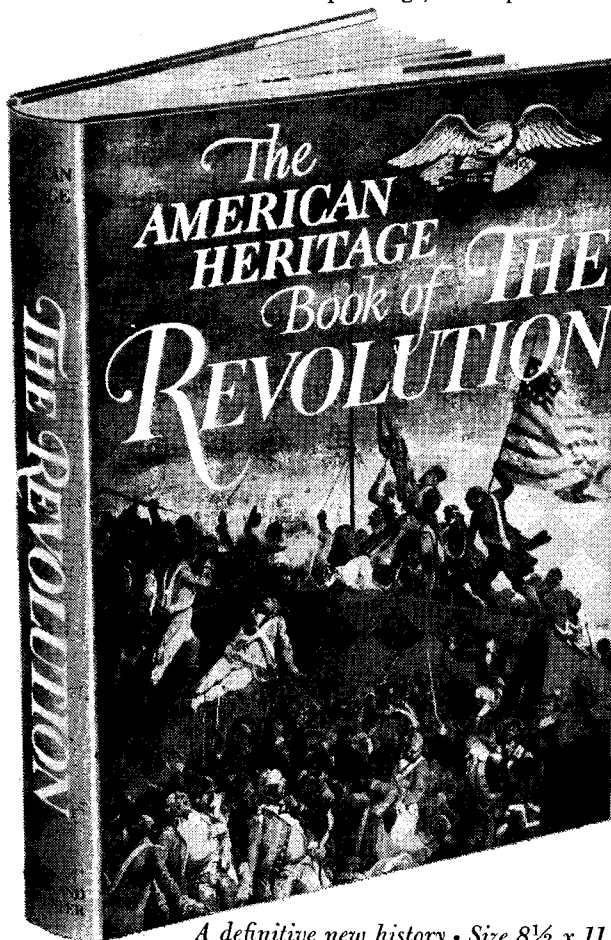
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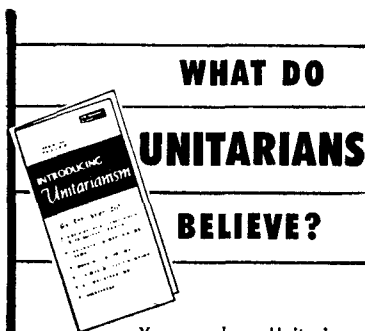
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Report on Italy



Stritch, the first American to become a member of the Curia, had been expected to help the opposition, but his tragic death ended that hope.

It is hard to assess the influence of the Italian Pentagon in American terms. Imagine a sovereign power installed squarely in Washington; a power whose influence extended over half the world, whose finances not only reached out on the international plane but also controlled an impressive share of the nation's stock market and real estate; a power which practically monopolized the nation's social assistance with money contributed by the state itself, which owned one half of the nation's schools, and which could back its diplomatic power with the undeviating assistance of the U.S. State Department.

In Italy this group can bring its pressure to bear not only through action in Rome but anywhere in Italy through the 257 bishops, the innumerable village priests, teachers, and preachers. It has, moreover, the huge organization of Catholic Action and, by now, the beginnings of an Opus Dei.

State versus church

Yet crises are bound to arise. When, last spring, the Bishop of Prato in a much-discussed trial was found guilty of libel and fined eighty dollars, there was great anger in Vatican circles and talk of a show-down and excommunication. But public opinion, openly indignant, backed up the verdict. Within twelve hours, the Christian Democratic Party was disassociating itself from the quarrel and saying that the authority of the state should be respected.

The incident should have been enough to show the men of the Pentagon, who belong by instinct and tradition to the old authoritarian Right, that the control of the church over the state must be reached by means other than electoral. A cam-

paign was intensified to stamp out the liberal influence within the party (a good third of its strength at a rough estimate), as well as the "pernicious influence" of the French clergy and of Jacques Maritain, who have a considerable number of sympathizers. Is the aim to turn Italy into something like Salazar's Portugal? The issue remains in doubt.

Such crises are inevitable in a country like Italy, which is also the territorial base of papal power. When the intensely, nay, superstitiously devout kings of Piedmont, during the last century, undertook to separate the church from the state, they had to arrest and imprison eight cardinals and more than twenty bishops in the course of a decade. Only after that a comfortable understanding was reached, which lasted for a century until the collapse of the Italian state in World War II. Today, it is infinitely more difficult for the state, because of the Communist threat and the weakening of the Western world, to recapture the authority it needs.

Prosperity and the Communists

The Italian economy has been enjoying a boom for a number of years, with an annual growth of 7 to 8 per cent. Production stands now at 187 per cent of 1948, 201 per cent of 1938.

It might be asked why this does not affect the strength of the Communists, who were on the ropes for months after Hungary and have lost their intellectual leaders almost to a man. The answer is that the vote has shifted. In the more industrially advanced sections of the North, once the home grounds of Communism, the party has suffered a disastrous setback.

If economic progress spreads to the South, the Communist Party will have no place to go. That is why social-minded firms like the Olivetti complex (typewriters and computers) and Microlambda (electronics, at present with Raytheon backing) are setting up plants in the South, from Naples to Sicily, so far with excellent results. There seem to be no limits to what a few, even a very few, social-minded industrialists can do. Adriano Olivetti has not only launched a new, Christian-oriented political movement called Comunità; he is

also, singlehandedly, supporting a number of the best cultural publications and periodicals in Italy. Unfortunately, the Confederation of Industry has a different conception of how its money is to be spent.

The roads are swarming with automobiles, and traffic in major cities has grown to a problem of American proportions which will require drastic rearrangements. A start has been made on construction of modern turnpikes, among which the one from Milan to Rome and Naples will prove a great blessing for the tourist.

The arts and the obstacles

The theater has been enjoying a good season, thanks to a lot of talented producers, among whom Luchino Visconti is still pre-eminent. Everyone is discussing the respective merits of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *A View from the Bridge*. But the Italian movie, after the brief splendor of neo-realism a few years ago, finds itself censored and smothered. The excuse of the pious clerical nationalism, which now controls the purse strings, is that such authors as De Sica gave the wrong idea of Italy to viewers abroad.

This is the same argument whereby Danilo Dolci, the apostle of non-violence, has been indicted and deprived of his passport for describing the sufferings of the poor in Sicily. The idea is that such things should not be mentioned. If they are ignored, perhaps they will go away. The real incentive, in the view of authorities, is to present adequately curvaceous successors to Loren and Lollobrigida, who have ceased to be news, Loren also being a defector to Hollywood. A number of candidates are being groomed.

A novelty which is still in the happy spontaneous stage is the multiplying summer art festivals. Rome, Venice, and Florence have had theirs a long time. Florence is going to add, at San Miniato above the city, a new series of theater performances. Spoleto, a ravishing hill town in Umbria, entered the festival lists this year in June with a delightfully varied "Two-Worlds Festival" in which operas of Gian Carlo Menotti were featured along with plays by Eugene O'Neill. The two perfect little theaters of the town provided adequate sets, and the people of Rome came in droves.

THE TRUE STORY of THREE KOREAN WAIFS



Their father was employed as a laborer carrying coal to the piers in Pusan. It was difficult to support his wife and four children, so his wife helped as a peddler. They lived in a wretched hut, but ate fairly regularly. Then tuberculosis struck the father and he was confined to his bed. The money the mother made went for medicine. There was little left for food. Sang Dol, the oldest boy, with his little sister, carrying a sack, picked up pieces of coal dropped around the railroad. This they sold to buy a few vegetables, the cheapest food available. They did their best but could not save their father who died on November 20, 1957. They lost even their humble hut and had no place to live. The mother, with her youngest child on her back, left one morning seeking work. She and the baby have never been heard from since. Now Sang Dol, accompanied by the two younger children, continues the work of picking up pieces of coal. They are homeless, schoolless and always hungry.

The story of these three waifs can be repeated hundreds of times in South Korea today. Such children can be "adopted" and given food, shelter, education and—love. The cost to the contributor is the same in all of the countries

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The certification racket

SIR:

As a graduate student fulfilling "certification racket" requirements, I read with enthusiasm Lydia Stout's "What Strangles American Teaching" in the April *Atlantic*, and with glee the discussion "The Certification Racket: Florida and Elsewhere" in the July *Atlantic*.

At the California state college I attend, my repeated experience has been that of stepping from stimulating, intellectual classes in sociology or political thought (for example) into dull, aimless, nonscholarly (but legally required) classes in professional education.

I can say that after nearly two years of enduring these "Mickey Mouse" courses, and receiving respectable grades, too, I have learned two things: professional education is of no value to the serious student preparing for teaching, and professional educators react hysterically to criticism.

R. S. BRADFORD
Sacramento, Calif.

SIR:

The *Atlantic* articles on the teacher certification racket prompt me to write you of a case such as those Lydia Stout and Hildegard Cummings mention. My Latin teacher in high school some years ago was the most inspiring teacher I ever had. In addition, she was that rare phenomenon, a cultivated human being. Probably no other person has meant as much to me in my preparation for and pursuit of a teaching career in science as this little Bryn Mawr graduate, one of the first women Ph.D.'s in America.

This lady traveled extensively, studied in many libraries abroad, contributed often to learned journals, collaborated in the writing of several textbooks, taught at Vassar, labored as reader on the College Entrance Examination Board for many years, and for seventeen years taught Latin and Greek in the Ethical Culture Schools of New York. Surely as a classicist she might be said to have had experience.

At the height of her distinguished teaching career my friend returned to our home town to be near and care for her aged parents. After her return, a vacancy in the local high school caused her to apply for a position as Latin teacher. The town fathers eagerly snapped her up, as it were, and thought themselves fortunate.

But not so the professional educators in the state capital. Before she could have this high school job for keeps this outstanding scholar with the Ph.D. degree and years of experience in successful teaching had, for many weekends and vacations, to travel back and forth between home and the state normal school thirty-five miles away in order to complete the inevitable required courses in the history of education and methods.

PERCY LAURANCE BAILEY, JR.
The City College
New York City

SIR:

Daniel Tanner's analogy between the licensing of brain surgeons and the certification of schoolteachers in his section of "The Certification Racket" is, of course, ridiculous. In the same vein, one might urge the

establishment of the following courses as prerequisite to the practice of medicine:

Fee Schedules	12 hours
Interpretation of Lab. and X-ray Costs	3 hours
Office Management	6 hours
Office Interiors	3 hours
Medical Economics	12 hours
Interpersonal Relations (Physician-Patient)	18 hours

After all, if you know enough about how to gain your patient's confidence you can always pick up enough facts about neuroanatomy to fool the layman.

MRS. T. E. PITTINGER, JR.
Akron, Ohio

SIR:

Lydia Stout's criticism of the ruling mediocrity in our educational system was long overdue. Some years ago, when teaching high school biology in New Mexico, I remember being thought of as a "scholar" by the local superintendent of schools because I had a bachelor's degree in biology. In spite of the fact that I received my education for teaching in the best private progressive schools on the East Coast, I was allowed to have only a temporary certificate from the State Department of Education, good for one year, because I had not yet sat through the required number of stupid education courses.

GILBERT CHURCH
University of Indonesia
Djakarta, Indonesia

SIR:

The article by Lydia Stout clearly points up the anachronistic charac-

ter of certification practices in most states. These laws were enacted at a time when the average teacher had less than two years of college education and were designed to provide some sort of minimum standard to safeguard the quality of teaching within a state. Now that teaching is rapidly becoming a full-fledged profession and a person without a bachelor's degree is seldom considered for a teaching position, such safeguards are unnecessary.

There is no available evidence that courses in educational philosophy, educational psychology, or similar ones will help to produce better teachers.

WILLIAM C. BUDD
Western Washington College of Education
Bellingham, Wash.

I, personally —

SIR:

Being the son of an old-time Gloucester fishing schooner captain, and having been trawling on the fishing banks myself as a young man, I cannot help being surprised at some of the statements that Edmund Gilligan made in "The Dorymen" in the July *Atlantic*. Where did he get the idea, for instance, that fishermen never eat fish? Or that dories are cradled upside down on deck, or that the dorymen use canvas trawl tubs? They are wooden.

VINCENT VIRGIL DANIELS
Rutland Heights, Mass.

SIR:

We were most interested in Mr. Gilligan's "The Dorymen" and believe that our readers would find his account of the "how" of dory fishing of equal value.

We should, therefore, like to have your permission to reprint sections of the article in the *Maine Coast Fisherman*.

NATHAN C. FULLER
Maine Coast Fisherman
Camden, Me.

SIR:

Having thoroughly enjoyed Wallace Stegner's "The Mounties at Fort Walsh" (July *Atlantic*), I should like to bring to his attention a technical error. He says, "the water from Battle Creek, polluted by buffalo or horse carcasses in the swamps above, brought typhoid into tin cups and canteens."

This statement implies that the typhus bacilli were generated by

putrescent carcasses, and this is impossible. In addition to the putrescent carcasses, Battle Creek must have been polluted by human sanitary wastes, which alone would be the source of the typhoid.

CHARLES B. WURTZ
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR:

The June "Report on Washington," in discussing the role of the scientist in nuclear testing, contends that "leading scientists have strayed far from their own well-ordered laboratories into the confused world of international political reality, a venture into the sunlight which has blinded many of them."

Unfortunately the *Atlantic*, like many scientists and politicians, is confusing two different questions. "What are the effects of radioactive fall-out?" is a question of fact, for experts to answer. "Should we continue testing nuclear weapons?" on the other hand is a question of policy, calling not only for knowledge of the effects of fall-out but also for consideration of the political, military, social, and moral issues involved.

Scientists, as experts, are uniquely qualified to answer the first question.

And scientists, as citizens, are surely entitled to argue the second question and to make political judgments.

JOHN KEENE MAJOR
Western Reserve University
Cleveland, Ohio

SIR:

Though the prospective visitor to Turkey will find Eleanor Perényi's article, "Istanbul" (July *Atlantic* Pleasures and Places), a good introduction to that city, he should know that her comments on the "difficulties" of reaching other parts of Turkey seem to me somewhat unwarranted.

My wife and I, driving our own low-priced American car, traveled into every corner of Turkey without difficulties or embarrassments from 1954 to 1957. We stayed at Turkish hotels and ate in Turkish restaurants. The hotels ranged from poor to good; the Turkish food was everywhere varied and excellent.

Sooner or later, American tourists will flock to Turkey. They will find a beautiful and singularly varied country and an unfailingly hospitable people.

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GREY SEAS UNDER

The Romance of a Rescue Tug

BY FARLEY MOWAT

FARLEY MOWAT is a Canadian who likes to track down true stories. In PEOPLE OF THE DEER he wrote the fascinating and pathetic saga of a dying tribe of Eskimos, and in his recent success, THE DOG WHO WOULDN'T BE, he was writing about the mull whose adventures highlighted Mowat's boyhood in Saskatchewan. For the past two years he has been in North Atlantic waters recording the exploits of a doughty and unsinkable deep-sea tug.

ON A January day in 1930 the great ship basin of Hamburg harbor was a graveyard made more terrible by the nature of its dead. They lay in interminable rows: a myriad of vessels which had spanned the world's oceans and whose deserted hulls now lay abandoned by their bankrupt owners. The dark winter skies and biting North Sea wind accentuated the mood of desolation and diminished the only human figure to be seen on all the miles of grey and dirty docks.

James Sutherland, Canadian purchasing agent, glanced quickly along the sad ranks of silent ships, then turned his back on them and began to descend a corroded iron ladder set in the quay face. At the bottom rung he swung about and paused to look closely at the vessel waiting for him there.

No one but a man of rare perceptions would have given her a second glance. She was a little ship, and she was dwarfed into insignificance by three moribund liners lying just across the basin. The ravages of prolonged disuse lay on her. Her twin stacks, that stood ramrod straight with never an inch of rake to ease their uncompromising lines, were red with running sores of rust. Her iron decks were scaling like a scrofulous dog's back. Some of her ports were broken, and the

stench that lifted out of them was laden with a tale of long neglect. Nevertheless she possessed a quality which set her apart from the scores of lifeless vessels that encrusted the nearby wharves. As Sutherland let go the ladder and leaped aboard, he felt her move a little — a barely perceptible motion, but enough. She was not dead at all, she only slept.

He made his way through her starboard alleyway to the forward well deck, where his shoulder brushed against a brass bell, gone green with verdigris. He rubbed his hand across it until the inscription came clear:

H.M.S. FRISKY
Dundee — 1918

Sutherland was still aboard her when the early winter dusk came down. By then he knew her well. He had explored the engine room and had wondered at her massive triple-expansion engine, which was big enough to have powered a freighter of five thousand tons. He had been through her primitive accommodations and had recognized in them the hard lying which is the traditional lot of British naval ratings. He had been down into her belly and had crawled on hands and knees into the

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most secret recesses of her body. His knuckles throbbed where he had pounded them, hardfisted, against iron plates to test their soundness.

At last he emerged through the companion on her boat deck, climbed the ladder to her bridge, and tugged at the swollen door of the wheelhouse. Inside he laid his hands upon the big teakwood wheel and looked out through the dirt-streaked glass. The graveyard seemed to vanish from his sight, and in its place was the hard, clean sky of the Western Ocean and the long pulse of the greatest of all seas. The little vessel stirred once more beneath his feet, and Sutherland's body quickened to her with the age-old affection that only a good sailor can feel for a good ship.

The Hamburg ship broker, a harried and over-eager little fellow, arrived belatedly upon the scene as Sutherland was scaling the iron ladder on the quay. The broker was an astute little man — he rubbed his hands and beamed. "She iss good ship? *Ja, Herr Kapitan?*" he asked.

Sutherland grunted noncommittally. "Take me to a cable office, mister," he demanded.

Early the following morning a man named Richard Chadwick, president of the Foundation Company of Canada, sat at his desk five thousand miles away in an office in Montreal and read these words pasted to a sheet of yellow flimsy:

ARRIVED HAMBURG LAST NIGHT TO INSPECT EX ADMIRALTY SEAGOING SALVAGE AND RESCUE TUG FRISKY STOP 156 FEET OVERALL X 653 GROSS TONS 1200 HORSEPOWER RANGE 20 DAYS UNDER FULL POWER STOP HEAVY DUTY TOWING WINCH STOP CARGO HOLDS FOR SALVAGE GEAR AND ACCOMMODATION FOR 26 MEN STOP VESSEL BUILT 1918 BUT HARDLY USED SINCE THEN ONLY REQUIRES DOCKING FOR INSPECTION AND SOME REFITTING OTHERWISE IN EXCELLENT CONDITION . . . PRICE VERY LOW CONSIDERING VESSELS VALUE STOP SHE LOOKS LIKE A MAGNIFICENT SEABOAT AND WOULD BE WONDERFUL ON GULF AND ATLANTIC COAST STOP CAPABLE OF TOWING EMPRESS OF CANADA IF NECESSARY STOP SUGGEST YOU CONFIRM PURCHASE SOON AS POSSIBLE

SUTHERLAND

"Scagoing," Chadwick muttered to himself. "Salvage and rescue tug . . ." That was his secret self speaking. His conscious mind was busy pointing out to him that Foundation Company required a ninety-ton, three-hundred-horsepower workboat; that there was a depression on; that deep-sea salvage was as far removed from construction work as the moon was from the earth.

"Magnificent seaboat," whispered Chadwick's inner self — and he reached for a message pad.

The reply that Sutherland received that night was a masterpiece of brevity: PURCHASE CONFIRMED.

Chadwick had bought a ship. A month later she was under Canadian registry and bore a new

name, *Foundation Franklin*. By late autumn of 1930 she had begun to write her saga on the trackless waters of the North Atlantic. In the succeeding years she became as familiar to East Coast mariners as were the seas themselves, for she stood out from the hard rock coasts of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia on almost a hundred voyages to succor vessels which had met disaster. Of all the battles fought by *Franklin* and her crew, none is more telling than the epic of the *Berwindlea*.

ALTHOUGH the depression was still being keenly felt in Canada's Maritime Provinces in 1935, at least one major company was still doing a good business. This was Dominion Steel and Coal Company — the colossus which overstrode much of Nova Scotia and which, to all intents and purposes, was the financial master of Cape Breton Island. Dosco owned or controlled most of the coal mines in the province, and to get its coal to the buyers it was Dosco's policy to charter a fleet of ships each spring.

One of Dosco's chartered fleet was the *Berwindlea*, fifty-two hundred tons, out of Aberdeen. *Berwindlea* had crossed the Atlantic in the early spring of 1935, and through the summer and autumn she had been almost constantly at work hauling slack coal through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and up the River. In mid-October she was free at last, for her charter had expired. She and her weary crew were ready to sail for home; but first she had a cargo of pulp to load at Dalhousie for delivery in England.

It was a clean cargo, and *Berwindlea's* people were in a good mood as she put out from Dalhousie on October 22. The lateness of the season and the prevalence of autumnal gales and heavy fog did not dismay them. They were homeward bound.

Berwindlea's master was in a hurry. His ship would log only seven or eight knots, and Aberdeen was a long way off. He wished to make the best time possible while he remained in the relatively sheltered waters of the Gulf, for he knew that the winter storms on the open sea would strive against his vessel for every mile she made. As darkness fell on October 22, it brought with it a black, impenetrable pall of fog. *Berwindlea* drove into it and disappeared. Her navigation lights glowed feebly, each contained in a hemisphere of fog not ten feet in diameter. The mate upon the bridge could not see the foredeck of the ship, and members of the crew vanished from each other's ken before five paces intervened between them.

The night was calm, but cold. There was no sound except the rusty *blat* of *Berwindlea's* whistle as it tried to pierce the fog. The course line laid

out on the chart in the wheelhouse began to waver. The little penciled crosses which represented *Berwindlea's* position became fewer and less firmly placed. Dead reckoning alone was an uncertain pilot on such a night.

At 3:50 A.M. the master, Captain Williams, stood at the chart table with the officer of the watch beside him. They stared intently at the last dead-reckoning position. It showed *Berwindlea* on course and ten miles south of the dangerous nest of islands called the Magdalens. Williams was uneasy. It was not much of an offering on such a night, and he was contemplating ordering the vessel's head to be brought a little more toward the south when, without any warning, *Berwindlea* went on. Men who have spent their lives sailing the Gulf make no pretense of familiarity with the queer currents which flow through it. *Berwindlea's* people — strangers all — had no way of knowing in advance what the current would do to their ship that night. But now they knew what it had done. *Berwindlea* took the ground with a great shudder and the sound of crumpling steel.

In the engine room the chief was already starting up the bilge pumps, even before the frightful shuddering of the initial shock was over. The bosun, thrown to the deck by the impact, had already regained his feet and had begun to turn forward to sound the bells, even before the order to do so reached him from the bridge. The moment of confusion was short-lived. It was succeeded by a questioning silence broken only by occasional hails from the officers to the men who had gone forward. It was a period of fantastic tension, of hope struggling with the fear of what must soon be known.

The destruction of the ship began within ten minutes of the time she struck. The bosun's measurements showed water rising fast in number one and number two holds, and when the pumps not only failed to reduce the flooding but were powerless even to slow its rapid rise, it was obvious that not only the vessel's bottom, but her inner bottom too, was ruptured.

Captain Williams listened grimly to the reports of his officers, then, at 4:15 A.M., he ordered his radioman to make his call. At 4:20 the international distress frequency woke to life.

At 9 A.M. Captain Reginald Featherstone, salvage master for Foundation Maritime in Halifax, received this telegram:

SS BERWINDLEA REPORTED ASHORE DEAD MAN'S ROCK
MAGDALEN ISLANDS STOP BELIEVED FLOODED FORWARD
BUT NO IMMEDIATE DANGER PRESENT WEATHER STOP
FULLY LADEN PULP

Featherstone knew that this late in the season good weather in the Gulf could not be expected to last for more than two or three days. He was familiar with Dead Man's Rock and he knew that a ship on that exposed pinnacle would be doomed by any gale which blew. There was no time for him to try to make arrangements with the ship's agents. There was, perhaps, just enough time to save the ship if *Franklin* sailed at once.

So *Franklin* sailed "under forced draft," as the papers would have it. Captain Irwin Power was on her bridge; but Featherstone intended to proceed by train to Canso Gut and meet the *Franklin* there, for he wanted to collect Drake, the local Salvage Association man, en route. *Franklin* had thick fog and heavy weather all the way north, but she picked up Featherstone and Drake at Mulgrave at 3 A.M. on October 24 and by 4 P.M. of that day she had reached Dead Man's Rock.

The islet is a forbidding sight at the best of times. The craggy peak of a submerged mountain rising abruptly out of the waters, its area is only a few acres. Its shores are so precipitous that there is only one spot where boats may safely land; and this lies on the opposite side to the cliff where *Berwindlea* had driven ashore. Men seldom visit Dead Man's Rock, but on the north shore there is a tiny turf-and-stone shack where fishermen, or shipwrecked sailors, may find some meager shelter.

As *Franklin* came in, Featherstone saw that the light north wind which had been blowing all that morning had kicked up such a sea that, even on the lee side of the rock where *Berwindlea* lay, a boat could not safely be launched. What must inevitably happen in the event of a real gale rising from the south, east, or west was brutally apparent. As things stood, Featherstone considered it too dangerous to attempt a landing, so *Franklin* withdrew into the lee of Amherst Island for the night. During those hours Featherstone was in radio contact with Williams, and he learned some of the details of the problem which he faced.

Berwindlea was flooded and tidal in number one and number two tanks (open to the sea in these), while her forepeak tanks and most of the remaining double bottom tanks were also flooded. Mercifully the engine room was still dry, but there was every prospect that it too would flood unless the weather moderated soon. On this score Featherstone and Power were not immediately worried. Knowing the signs by instinct, they expected the northerly to fall light with darkness, and they hoped they would then have a period of a day, or perhaps two, before the wind came round through east to south and began to blow.

Featherstone and Power made their plan. Williams was ordered to flood his deep tanks in order to hold *Berwindlea* firmly on the rocks and prevent

her from working. At dawn *Franklin* would come in, lay two sets of ground tackle off *Berwindlea's* stern, land an air compressor on her and, after blowing the forward tanks and pumping the after ones, would try to take her off with her own winches.

Impelled by the knowledge that time was against them, the salvors went to work at dawn with demoniac energy. Within five hours both sets of ground tackle had been laid out. Featherstone, Tom Nolan, *Franklin's* diver, and Drake went aboard *Berwindlea* and supervised the reeving and setting-up of the purchases. Nolan's helper, Alan Macdonald, brought *Franklin's* little motorboat in through the surf with a two-ton air compressor balanced across the gunwales and safely delivered it aboard the wreck. Nolan went over the side to make an underwater examination and to begin patching, if this proved feasible. Having fully assessed the situation, Featherstone radioed an urgent request to Sydney for a small coastal vessel which could bring out stevedores and coal, and could take off bulk pulp if jettisoning proved necessary. The coal was particularly needed, since *Berwindlea's* bunkers were low — her master having intended to bunker at Sydney before setting out across the North Atlantic.

Everything was in readiness for the first attempt to refloat the big ship at evening high tide, when Featherstone made a shocking discovery. During her summer season *Berwindlea* had been unloaded, not with her own deck gear, but with shore equipment. Consequently her engineers had removed certain vital valves from the deck winches in order to prevent corrosion — and these valves had never been replaced. No one had thought about the matter until late afternoon on October 25, when Featherstone called for steam on the winches in order to take the preliminary strain on the ground tackle. When the discovery was made that the winches were useless, it was too late to search out the missing valves and install them in time to make use of that evening's tide. Nothing more could be done until the following day.

Meanwhile Power, aboard *Franklin* lying at anchor half a mile offshore, had heard some disquieting news on the standard broadcast radio. A violent hurricane had cut a swath of destruction across Haiti on October 23, killing more than two thousand people. The track the hurricane was following had not yet been plotted with any certainty, but Power knew that it might well run northeast over the Maritimes, as Caribbean hurricanes so often do. He watched with increasing apprehension as the afternoon waned and as the wind came out of the east, then switched freakishly to the southwest and began to rise. At 4:45 p.m., he radioed Featherstone:

WIND AND SEA RISING FAST SUSPECT HURRICANE TRACK
WILL COME THIS WAY SUGGEST YOU ABANDON BER-
WINDLEA AT ONCE

Featherstone was not infallible. He could make mistakes; and when he did they were monumental. He made one now. Irritated by the affair of the winches and by the fact that he had been robbed of a quick success by such a trivial matter, he made up his mind to stay aboard *Berwindlea* and have another try at dawn. He did not think much of the hurricane scare. In his experience a southwest gale was not likely to last more than a few hours.

Whether or not they were influenced by Featherstone's example, the officers and crew of *Berwindlea* also elected to remain aboard their ship. Drake too decided to stay, while Nolan had no thought of leaving if Featherstone remained.

At 5:30 p.m. Alan Macdonald was told to return to *Franklin* with the motorboat. It was none too soon. While rounding *Berwindlea's* stern Macdonald was caught in the surf, and his boat was nearly swamped. Damaged and leaking badly, it barely managed to get him back to *Franklin's* side.

CONTRARY to Featherstone's expectations the gale did not slack off. Instead it mounted with a ferocity that was terrifying. At 9 p.m. *Franklin* began dragging both her anchors and was forced to heave them in and stand offshore into the teeth of a force 8 gale and a wild and savage sea. She rose to most of the big ones, but she took it green across her decks many times that night.

Clamped in the vise of the rocks, *Berwindlea* could do nothing but accept her punishment. By midnight she was being swept from end to end and spray was breaking high above her mastheads against the glistening rocks of the cliff face.

Berwindlea had her crew accommodations aft, while her bridge and officers' quarters were well forward of amidships. Her boats were aft, as well, and the only communication between the poop and the bridge was over the open decks. By midnight this route had been closed. Black water was falling on the decks to a depth of six feet. The stanchions of her rails were smashed, and the rails themselves carried away. Her starboard boat was shattered in its chocks. Her hatches began to break under the ponderous impact of the seas, and she began to flood in number three and number four holds.

Her crew were now besieged in their quarters aft and dared not open a door or port. Forward, in the bridge structure, the officers with Featherstone, Nolan, and Drake were marooned in a

more ugly position — close to the destroying rocks. By midnight the ship had begun to work so much that the sound of her plates grinding and gnashing on the rocks rose clearly above the scream of the wind and the thunder of the breaking seas.

Franklin was now hove to some miles offshore and barely able to hold her own. Emergency weather reports were coming in steadily from the government stations, and these were increasingly ominous. The hurricane had indeed tracked up the American seaboard, and the center of that whirlpool of tortured air was rapidly approaching the Maritimes. Already the distress frequency was crackling with calls, and McManus was logging them between his attempts to keep in touch with *Berwindlea's* young operator.

At 3:30 A.M. on October 26 there was no answer to McManus's signals. He fought his way to the bridge to tell Power, and found the skipper peering shoreward through the driving murk with his night glasses. There was no need for Sparks's message. Power had seen the dim glow of *Berwindlea's* lights suddenly go out.

Aboard *Berwindlea* both the ground-tackle wires had parted under the strain imposed by that irresistible sea, and the ship had swung broadside, tearing her belly out as she was flung across the reefs. She heeled over, and the seas flooded into her engine room; the lights flickered once and then went out. Within half an hour she was flooded in every compartment and her doom was sealed. That she did not break up immediately was a tribute to her Scottish builders. Any lesser ship would have quickly gone to pieces under the merciless assault of the mounting seas; yet *Berwindlea* hung on, a shell of a thing, her bottom gone and her side plates buckling until her deck was hogged like a boar's back. She was dead, but not yet destroyed.

THE storm-wracked daylight hours of October 26 were an ordeal that drove one officer mad and that led the crew to the panic act of attempting to launch the remaining boat. It was swept from them like a chip, and only a miracle spared the men who launched it. They crawled back into their prison and hung on.

At dawn the radio operator managed to get his emergency power working, and communications with *Franklin* were restored. It was a desperately anxious Power who talked to Featherstone, but though he was immeasurably relieved to hear that the men aboard the wreck were still alive, Power was driven half distracted by the fact that he could do nothing for them. Until the hurricane had passed, it was all that he could do to keep *Franklin*

afloat; any attempt to venture close to Dead Man's Rock would have been suicidal. Standing three miles offshore he could not see *Berwindlea* at all. He could only see a succession of gargantuan columns of white spray such as might mark the seas which break across a submerged reef in a great gale.

The news upon the distress frequency was as chilling as the spectacle before Power's eyes. The steamer *Vardulia*, the same ship which had rescued the crew of the *Aggersund* off Newfoundland in the memorable spring of 1932, had called for help from several hundred miles east of Halifax and then had not been heard again. She had gone down and taken her crew of thirty-seven with her. The Nova Scotian three-masted schooner *Esthonia*, from Barbados to Shelburne, also died that day, although her crew of ten were saved.

As the number of distress calls mounted, Power's frustration increased. Several times he sailed *Franklin* dangerously close to the foam-sheathed rock, but each time he was forced away before he had come close enough even to see *Berwindlea* through the driven spume.

Aboard the doomed vessel there were two kinds of men. There were those who saw Death at arm's length, and who were afraid of him. And there were those who could not see him, either because they lacked understanding of their plight or because they were too preoccupied to notice. Featherstone and Nolan belonged to this latter group. With a cigar thrusting aggressively out of his heavy jaw, Featherstone still would not admit defeat. Plan after plan to save not just the men but the ship as well went through his mind, and the notes in his little pocket notebook grew numerous as plan after plan had to be abandoned.

Not until noon of October 26 would he accept the fact of *Berwindlea's* loss; and then he concentrated his efforts on how to save her people. He knew that no boat could live in the hell's brew about *Berwindlea*, and that it would be death to try to leave her until there was a lull. He made plans for the moment when she would go under. He began a long and reasoned discussion with the ship's officers as to the relative merits of rafts and boats versus ladders, as lifesaving gear; and he was irritated when the distracted officers refused to listen with the proper degree of attention to the niceties of his arguments. Somewhat grumpily he left them to their fears and turned to the phlegmatic Nolan.

"Best way in the world to leave a wreck on a lee shore — a ladder. Hold you up fine as you go through the surf, then with any kind of luck you can use it to bridge the breakers so you don't get bashed to bits. After that you can use it to climb up the cliffs. You get a ladder ready, Tom."

Tom routed out a ladder, but not because he thought it would be needed. He was not much worried by their plight, for as a Newfoundlander born and bred he had long since learned never to worry in advance about what the sea might do to him. What bothered him at the moment was the problem of finding grub, and he was considerably disgruntled by the steward's failure to provide an adequate grub locker in the officers' saloon.

The day passed in different ways for different men. Some were silent and withdrawn, as soldiers are before the battle which they suspect will be their last. Some were violent in their futile rage. Some concentrated all their effort in the attempt to achieve sufficient self-control to fool their fellows. The madman screamed insensate things at sea and wind.

The hurricane continued unabated all that day and into the next night. At 1:30 A.M. on October 27 *Berwindlea* began to go. She split amidships, separating the two little groups of men from each other, and the bow section began to settle steadily as she broke up below the waterline.

The salvage men and the ship's officers were soon driven out of the saloon by the invading waters. They made their way to the bridge — and the waters followed until they were knee deep. For a time the thundering breakers drove over the bridge structure as if it were no more than a piece of flotsam, and then, temporarily content with the destruction they had wrought, they slowly began to lose their fury. At long last the gale began to ease. It was now or never for the men aboard the wreck, and at 2 A.M. *Franklin* radioed a general SOS on their behalf which was picked up and immediately rebroadcast by the powerful government station on nearby Grindstone Island:

SS BERWINDLEA ASHORE DEAD MANS ISLAND URGENTLY
NEEDS ASSISTANCE SHIP WITH LARGE LIFEBOATS

There was no immediate reply, for there were few ships left at sea that night. A few minutes after sending the SOS, Featherstone, his mind as agile as ever, radioed Power with a suggestion of his own:

DO YOU THINK YOU COULD LAND SOME MEN AT THAT
SHACK ON THE LEE SIDE OF THE ISLAND AND CROSS THIS
SIDE AND RIG LINES FOR A BREECHES BUOY FROM THE
CLIFF

To which Power replied:

DONT THINK POSSIBLE LAND BOAT NOW BUT WILL DO
SO AT DAYLIGHT IF HUMANLY POSSIBLE

This message was interrupted by a call from a strange voice. It belonged to a rare bird, the Japanese freighter *England Maru*, who reported herself as being abreast of East Point, Prince Edward Island, and able and willing to come to

Berwindlea's assistance. *England Maru's* message brought hope, though of a tenuous kind, for she could not reach them until late the following morning — and there was every likelihood that *Berwindlea* would have vanished before then.

Featherstone put the feelings of all of them into this brief message to Power:

THANK JAP BUT WE ARE RELYING ON WHAT YOU CAN
DO WITH SHORE PARTY

Nothing can better tell the story of the next few hours than the radio log kept by McManus. It is vivid, for it is truth.

England Maru to *Berwindlea*: WE ARE PROCEEDING
YOU FULL SPEED BUT ONLY MAKE SIX KNOTS IN HEAVY
SEA GOOD WISHES

Franklin to Grindstone Radio: DO YOU KNOW OR
CAN YOU FIND OUT FROM FISHERMEN IF MEN CAN WALK
AROUND BEACH OF DEAD MANS OR MUST THEY GO OVER
TOP TO CROSS

Grindstone to *Franklin*: SORRY DONT KNOW AND
CANT GET INFORMATION ALL PHONES DOWN

Berwindlea to *Franklin*: WHERE ARE YOU MAKE ALL
POSSIBLE SPEED

Franklin to *Berwindlea*: AM NOW ABEAM ISLAND COM-
ING AROUND AND UP LEE SIDE

Franklin to *Berwindlea*: GETTING BOAT READY UNDER
COMMAND DOBSON WHO WILL HAVE SIGNAL FLAGS TO
TALK FROM BEACH HOW ARE YOU AND HOW IS SHIP IS
SHE BREAKING UP FAST

Berwindlea to *Franklin*: GLAD NEWS FROM YOU WE ARE
WELL ALL HOPE IS IN YOUR EFFORTS THIS SHIP IN BAD
WAY BREAKING BACK BUCKLING AND BATHED IN GREAT
SEAS EVERY FEW MOMENTS

England Maru to *Berwindlea* via Grindstone: 28 MILES
FROM YOU PROCEEDING BEST

Franklin to *Berwindlea*: BOAT OVER WITH MEN MAKING
FOR ISLAND

Berwindlea to *Franklin*: ARE THEY MAKING GOOD
PROGRESS

Franklin to *Berwindlea*: BOAT BEING SWEEPED INTO
BREAKERS THEY ARE ON EDGE OF BREAKERS WILL BE
SWAMPED THEY ARE MAKING BIG EFFORT TO PULL CLEAR
[And five minutes later] BOAT ESCAPED BREAKERS IM-
POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO LAND AND LIVE SEAS SWEEPING
BROADSIDE ON BEACH

Berwindlea to *Franklin*: FEATHERSTONE SAYS COME
BACK STAND BY TO WINDWARD OF US AND COOPERATE
WITH JAP STEAMER THERE MAY BE SLIM CHANCE FOR
BOAT TO ROUND OUR STERN AND LEE SIDE STOP THERE IS
A ROCK ON SHIP'S PORT SIDE AMIDSHIP'S RIGHT AGAINST
HER

Franklin to *Berwindlea*: HAVE YOU ANY BOATS LEFT
AND CAN YOU LAUNCH THEM AND COME OUT

Berwindlea to *Franklin*: BOAT SMASHED BUT WILL TRY
IT IF ALL ELSE FAILS

These messages cover only three hours in time; but that was a decade in the lives of those concerned.

Power's attempt to land a boat upon the north side of the island had been nobly prosecuted. Second Officer Dobson (who was to die a few years later as a destroyer commander in the war), with three deck hands and two firemen — all volunteers — had put off from *Franklin* in a twelve-foot boat. During the launching, a sea had swept the little craft so hard against *Franklin's* bulwarks that it was half stove in before it took the water. Once afloat it was at the mercy of the great seas, for the hope that Dead Man's Rock could provide a lee in the face of the hurricane was a delusion. There were three miles to pull in order to reach the roaring shingle beach. Dobson and his men were exhausted before they reached the line of surf. Dobson himself knew that there was little possibility of his crew's surviving an attempt to enter the surf, yet he decided they should try. The lifeboat was immediately caught, spun end-for-end and almost swamped. Half full and leaking badly, it was still two hundred yards from land. There remained only the hope that the boat's crew could save themselves. With the strength of desperation they pulled clear of the surf and then dropped over their oars in a state of near collapse as the wind carried their boat clear of the islet and out into the Gulf. *Franklin* bore down upon them, and was able to retrieve them by a near-miracle of seamanship on Power's part. The broken boat was left to drift away.

All this took place between dawn and 6 A.M. *Franklin* then fought her way back around the islet and stood by the *Berwindlea*; but she was now completely helpless to assist the shipwrecked men, for she had only the motorboat left and, apart from the hull damage it had sustained earlier, its engine would no longer run.

It was at this juncture that the distant smoke of the *England Maru* came into sight. Power and the Japanese master were in radio communication, and by 9 A.M., when the freighter was close upon the scene, they had devised a plan. It was an incredibly risky one that could only succeed if *England Maru's* big boat could be so packed with oarsmen that they could defy the wind and surf.

With a quality of seamanship that could hardly be believed, the Japanese skipper, Captain Honja, maneuvered his big vessel (she was light and therefore doubly hard to handle) broadside to the islet and less than half a mile from *Berwindlea*.

Honja then launched his biggest boat, a thirty-footer, and manned it with twenty oarsmen. Despite the bitter cold of that October morning, the

Japanese sailors were naked to the waist. They took up the stroke and made for the waiting *Franklin*, who was hove to in *England Maru's* lee, halfway between her and the wreck. Chanting in unison and rowing like superhuman beings, the Japanese crew slipped under the shelter of *Franklin's* lee, while Power eased his tug inshore.

Two hundred yards off *Berwindlea*, *Franklin* stopped. Not even Power dared to take her farther in. Now the lifeboat was on its own. It did not hesitate but plunged straight into the breaking seas that rose as high as *Berwindlea's* foretop.

The boat shot under the wreck's stern, seeking her lee side, but found instead a pinnacle of rock thrust into *Berwindlea's* belly that made a cul-de-sac from which there could be no escape. Second Officer Anto cried one shrill order, and in the last instant the men reversed their stroke and the boat came out alive.

Anto now took the only alternative. He brought his fragile craft in against *Berwindlea's* weather side. Bosun Okabe leaped to the boat's gunwale to prevent her being crushed against the wreck, and with his own body took the shock of impact. It smashed seven of his ribs and nearly killed him — but he saved the boat.

The people on *Berwindlea's* afterpart swarmed over the rails as one man. They had not far to drop, for already the afterdeck of the dying ship was awash. The lifeboat leaped away on a receding sea and pulled for safety.

Leaving her cargo of half-frozen survivors on *Franklin's* deck, the Japanese boat went back again — this time right into the surf in an attempt to reach the little group marooned on *Berwindlea's* bridge. She reached them too, but just how she did it no man can tell. Featherstone, his cigar still in his mouth, was among the last to leave, and he recalls that moment in strange fashion. "It wasn't the sea and the gale that bothered me just then," he said. "It was the seals. There must have been a thousand of them hanging about the wreck, just waiting to see us drown. They kept popping their silly heads up and staring, as if we were some kind of circus for their special benefit."

Featherstone was most indignant about those seals. He was indignant too about the loss of *Berwindlea*, but philosophical as well. The loss of the ship pointed his favorite moral:

"Salvage on these coasts is always a knife-edge proposition. One little thing goes wrong, and you've lost out. There are no second chances. The wind and water see to that."

The wind and water saw to *Berwindlea*. Within three days nothing remained of her except a frieze of flotsam on the beach of Dead Man's Rock.

(To be concluded)

HOW TO TEACH THE CALIFORNIA CHILD

Notes from the Never-Never Land

BY MORTIMER SMITH

Why is wealthy California one of the poorest states in educational achievement? Social historian, biographer, parent, and former school board member, MORTIMER SMITH is the author of two of the best-known books dealing with deficiencies in our schools, AND MADLY TEACH and THE DIMINISHED MIND. He is one of the founders of the Council for Basic Education and is currently serving as editor of its monthly BULLETIN.

THREE years ago the dean of a school of education in one of our large Eastern universities stated in a letter to the *New York Times* that "our public schools were never better and if we can get adequate and timely assistance through Federal aid without Federal control the current ills besetting them can be cured." This touching faith in fiscal solutions to current educational problems is belied by what has happened in California. The Golden State is generous in support of schools, as even its insatiable educational bureaucracy admits; California now leads all other states in teachers' salaries (current average wage: \$5750) and is among the top three or four in the amount of money expended each year per pupil. Despite this largess on the part of the taxpayers, many serious students of the California scene believe its schools to be of inferior quality. There are in the state outstanding schools (such as George Washington High in San Francisco) where a student may receive an education of solid content, but by and large California seems to have gone further than most states in abandoning rigorous academic training.

The paucity of comparative figures makes it difficult to give a categorical answer to the question of quality in California schools, but such figures as are available suggest that all is not well. A straw

in the wind is provided by the results of the Tests of General Educational Development in basic subjects given to a small cross section of high school seniors in 1943 and in 1955. (These tests are used in establishing norms for awarding a secondary school credential to service personnel who have not completed high school.) According to Thor Severson, writing in the *Sacramento Bee*, California has dropped nationally in these tests from fifth place in 1943 to thirty-fifth place in 1955, and ranks forty-fifth in English and forty-sixth in mathematics. The reason these figures are uncovered by the reportorial legwork of Mr. Severson and not through announcement from the California Department of Education is obvious. In any case, the department refuses to confirm or deny them but simply states that the tests were given to such a small proportion of the total number of high school seniors that no valid conclusions can be drawn. As Mr. Severson says, this did not prevent officials of the department from pointing with pride to the 1943 results when California ranked fifth in the nation.

While the results of these tests do not provide infallible evidence of deterioration, a recent study shows that as far as mathematics is concerned, they may give a startlingly true picture. G. T.

Buswell of the School of Education, University of California, has recently compared the achievement in arithmetic of some 3000 eleven-year-olds in England with a similar sample in central California, with results that give a rather devastating picture of the teaching of arithmetic in that state. English pupils showed a two-to-one superiority with a mean score of 29.1 as compared with 12.1 for California; 1077 pupils in England answered correctly more than 38 of the total of 70 test items, but only 13 California pupils scored this well; 428 English pupils answered more than 53 of the items correctly which was something *no* Californian was able to do. (For full details of this study see the *Arithmetic Teacher* for February, 1958.)

Whatever its precise standing in academic achievement, it is certain that in education, as in other fields of human endeavor, California lives up to its reputation for devotion to the cult of the cockeyed. Examples of scholastic boondoggling and educational nonsense abound: A high school in the southern part of the state has recently inaugurated an eleventh and twelfth grade course for boys called bachelor living. A Sacramento high school now gives academic credit to juniors and seniors for working as carry-out boys in supermarkets and as attendants in gasoline stations. An Oakland school stages, as part of the home and family relations course (known before the present enlightenment as home economics), a mock wedding in which boys and girls play the parts of bride, groom, parents, attendants, minister, vocalist, and so forth. A suburb of San Francisco has a unit on the peoples of the world in which seventh grade boys as well as girls are put to work dressing dolls. Los Angeles county has invented a course described as "how to be attractive and well groomed," which considers such weighty questions as how to bathe, how to banish unwanted hair, how to pick up a handkerchief gracefully, and how to sit down properly at various occasions. And on the level of higher education, last year a well-known football player was prevented from graduating with the rest of his college class because he flunked his course in movie appreciation.

Various reasons have been advanced for California's preoccupation with educational trivia and for its achievement. Some trace it to the sort of provincialism that desires to excel, even in foolishness, and to the wholesale importation of people from other parts of the country, many of them receptive to anything new or bizarre. While these may be contributing factors, the underlying cause of educational malpractice in California as in other states is that the schools have become the monopoly of what Arthur Bestor has called "the interlocking directorate of professional education-

ists." Most of the professors of education, the personnel of the state department of public instruction, the state teachers' association, and the school administrators have reached the conclusion that the primary task of the schools is not education but social conditioning. If California is unique in the degree of nonsense prevailing in its schools, it is because this monopoly is more firmly entrenched there than elsewhere, the constituent members of the directorate more united in their anti-intellectual bias and in their determination to prevent the faculties of the liberal arts colleges from exerting any influence on the schools.

AN ILLUSTRATION of what I am talking about is afforded by a document called *A Framework for Public Education in California*, originally published by the State Department of Education in 1950 and still used as a general guide in setting the direction in which the state's schools should move. It is typical that in drawing up a statement which is supposed to come to some conclusions about the purposes for which schools have been created and maintained, the department asked not a single member of a liberal arts faculty (that is, not a single scholar in a recognized *subject*) to serve on the committee; with the possible exception of one person, all nineteen members of the committee are educationists. With such uniformity of membership, it is not surprising that the committee made no attempt to establish any priorities for education or to state what should be central and what peripheral in schools. It lists no fewer than fifty-four objectives for education in California, covering practically every area of human endeavor, but is notably meager in describing the objectives of academic accomplishment.

When such matters as learning to write English effectively are mentioned, there is no indication that they are of any more importance in the classroom than other matters mentioned, such as how to develop a sense of humor, work to achieve poise and coordination in bodily movement, enjoy a rich, sincere, and varied social life, exercise skill in homemaking, or work and play with others effectively. The usual genuflections are made in the direction of democratic living, and much is made of group problems, group living, group activities, and group action.

Reflecting the grotesque but official view among educationists that superior students are deviates, the *Framework* makes this extraordinary juxtaposition of students: "Individuals requiring [special facilities] include the mentally and physically handicapped, persons with impaired sight, hearing, and speech, *those with superior capacities for*

intellectual achievement and leadership, and those with pronounced problems of adjustment." (Italics mine.)

Among the authors of this document is Miss Helen Heffernan, now head of elementary education in the State Department of Education and a very powerful force in remaking California schools. She is a devotee of Kilpatrickian progressivism who thinks schools exist for the purpose of social adjustment and the development of healthy personality and to whom all talk of academic standards and intellectual values is antediluvian. In an article¹ in 1952 she stated that "report cards on which a marking system is used do not contribute to the development of healthy personalities." She quoted with approval someone who called report cards "nasty little status cards" and maintained that they are bad not only for the dullards but also for the child who gets A's — they may cause him to have "feelings of smugness or an exaggerated sense of intellectual power when he is only being rewarded for natural ability, docility or skill in pleasing teacher."

Miss Heffernan feels so strongly about "this educational evil" that she returned to the subject in a 1953 article² in which she blamed "ineffective teachers" for clinging to report cards because "they like the *power of the weapon* they wield" (her italics). She thinks it makes "teachers feel important to be able to control the lives of others in this manner."

Miss Heffernan is worth quoting because, as the holder of a strategic office in the educational hierarchy, she is in a position to translate her zeal for the child-centered school and her contempt for intellectual standards into a potent force for change in California's lower schools.

Secondary education in the state seems to be animated by the same anti-intellectual bias and life-adjustment orientation as prevail in the elementary school. The official attitude is similar to that of Harold Spears, superintendent of the San Francisco public schools, whose book, *The High School for Today*, is considered among educationists one of the definitive volumes dealing with the emerging pattern of secondary education.

Like Miss Heffernan, Mr. Spears scoffs at "standard-worshippers" and deplores the fact that scholastic achievement is considered by many "more significant than achievement in social and civic action." Mr. Spears seems never to have

entertained the old-fashioned notion that the road to achievement in social and civic action runs mostly through a territory called liberal education.

He does not like the subject curriculum because it has encouraged high school teachers "to expect all entering students to come with an ability in fundamental academic skills and habits sufficient to enable them to master subjects set out for them at the grade level in question." Apparently the teacher who expects this is not only unreasonable but slightly mean; real readiness for high school is chronological age and social maturity rather than the outdated academic preparation.

Mr. Spears suggests that certain steps will probably be necessary "if we are to build a functional secondary school." Among these will be the abandonment of the traditional marking system and any system of promotions, and the elimination of the subject curriculum "in favor of one built around areas of living as represented by the life activities of youth and their elders." (What this last means, deponent saith not. Youth practicing the life activities of their elders? And if so, is this good?)

Last spring, San Francisco newspapers reported that Mr. Spears, apparently in answer to widespread complaints of deficiencies in subject matter, has called for "tougher courses" and stated that the school must do "a more solid job." He did not attempt to reconcile this demand for toughness with the "soft" curriculum, and general permissiveness, which he advocated in his *The High School for Today*.

CALIFORNIA presents a unique opportunity to devotees of life adjustment: Through its system of some fifty-nine state-controlled junior colleges, education for group living need not be sacrificed to genuine education even after the student reaches college. In many circles the two years of junior college are referred to as the thirteenth and fourteenth grades, implying (correctly) that the junior college years are apt to involve simply a continuation of high school rather than a genuine higher education.

It is true that some excellent scholars are attached to the staffs of the junior colleges and that a student could probably secure a solid education in academic subject matter if he were adroit enough, but it would also seem to be true that these colleges have largely taken to heart the statement made some years ago by the President's Commission on Higher Education that "we shall be denying educational opportunity to many young people as long as we maintain the present orienta-

¹ *The California Journal of Elementary Education*, February, 1952. "The Organization of the Elementary School and the Development of a Healthy Personality" by Helen Heffernan and others.

² *Ibid.*, February, 1953. "Do Parents Want Report Cards?" by Helen Heffernan and Faith Smither.

tion of higher education toward verbal skills and intellectual interests."

If these colleges are short on intellectual interests they are long on courses in psychology of personal adjustment, consumer problems, communication skills, art for enjoyment, principles of community recreation, mother and daughter foods, father and son workshop, and, of course, innumerable courses in family life education. (These are described in the definitive book on California's junior colleges, *General Education in Action*, by B. Lamar Johnson.)

One college includes in its course on marriage and family relations a unit on dating in which students are asked to list "the five most difficult problems you have faced in the dating process or experience." At another college the student is asked: What is this thing called love? What do college girls want in a man? Is a proposal necessary? Should engaged couples have dates with others? What does a Romeo really mean when he swears, "I'll love you forever"? Still another college, recognizing that life is not all love and skittles for everyone, has a course dealing with the condition and problems of spinsters and bachelors. (Probably known as advanced bachelor living for those who had it in the high school course.)

When students are not thus engaged in the kind of bull sessions that formerly were reserved to the dormitory, they can study science and mathematics and English and foreign languages; but from some of the descriptions in Dr. Johnson's book, one cannot feel hopeful that these subjects as taught are very meaty. What is one to think, for instance, of the humanities course in which "Emphasis is also given to art in everyday life — for example, the appropriate selection of neckties and socks by the men of the class, and of dresses and costume jewelry by the women"?

What the educationists think of foreign languages is reflected in the following regulation, adopted by the California State Board of Education in 1951: "No foreign language shall be required by a state college as a condition to graduation." A professor of languages in one of these colleges pointed out that this has "the threefold effect of making California unique among her sister states by having on its books a specific prohibition as to requirements; of depriving state college departments and divisions, presumably staffed by competent professional men, of the right to prescribe curricula for their own majors; and of compelling foreign language departments within the state college system to operate illegally by continuing to require foreign languages of their own graduates." In answer, presumably, to public pressure, the State Board last May removed this restriction as far as individual departments

are concerned, but the education code still forbids the college as a whole to require languages.

THE strangle hold of the educationists on the schools is complete. The tune in California is called by several groups, first among them being the State Department of Education. This is headed by Roy Simpson, an orthodox educationist who presides over a sprawling empire: 1277 full-time employees in the department at Sacramento, 722 in special schools, 6101 in the state colleges, with a total budget for 1957-1958 of \$695,364,727. The other groups are the professors of education in the teachers' colleges and universities, who hand down the official dogmas and doctrines, and the superintendents and principals whom they train; and the California Teachers Association, the largest state organization of teachers in the country and perhaps the most potent lobby in the legislature at Sacramento.

The California Teachers Association, which is the local arm of the National Education Association, has done much to improve the worldly status of teachers, but ideologically it hews to the orthodox educationist line and rarely permits a dissenting voice to be heard. It is headed by a tireless organizer named Arthur F. Corey, who is considered by many to be the most powerful figure in California education, a sort of behind-the-scenes dictator of educational policies. As he is an unabashed modernist with an almost messianic faith in the rightness of the educational status quo — and is also extremely efficient in getting what he wants — he has become, to those seeking to improve academic standards in the state, a symbol of everything that is awry with California education.

One area where Corey and the CTA are very much in evidence is that of teacher certification. Working smoothly with the State Department of Education, the CTA has been in the forefront of those advocating more and more courses in professional training for teachers, which are usually taken at the expense of sound education in subject matter. There has been so much criticism of these courses that State Superintendent Simpson has appointed a Committee on Revision of the Credential Structure, but this has turned out to be a typical educators' committee of administrators and educationists. In California, as in the rest of the country, when the professional educators sense any demand for evaluation or investigation of their activities, they make sure they do the investigating themselves.

Not even school board members have much control over their own local conditions. They are hedged about by state restrictions — lobbied

through the legislature by the educational bureaucracy — restrictions which set minimum salaries for teachers, which curtail the right of boards to dismiss employees, which tell them what outside groups can use school facilities, and which severely control, through certification requirements, the kind of teachers the board may hire.

While the prospects for the restoration of sound educational practices are not bright, there is a faint, pink glow on the far horizon which may presage a change in the educational climate. Part of that glow comes from such actions as the courageous stand recently taken by an independent group, the Teachers Association of San Francisco. This association has stated publicly that the schools are teaching nonessentials and trivia and have become a dumping ground for the unfinished business of the home and the community. This criticism has been echoed by the San Francisco Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO), although it is not always easy to tell whether the teachers' unions speak out of deep conviction or from a desire to annoy the nonunion CTA. Some people are encouraged by the fact that Governor Goodwin Knight is making threatening noises about setting up some state academic standards; they feel that if a shrewd political operator like Knight thinks this is a popular bandwagon, the cause may not be as hopeless as it seems.

Another small sign of sunnier weather is the fact that distinguished scholars are concerning themselves with what goes on in schools. Dr. Lee DuBridge, president of Cal Tech, has said that "science and mathematics have been treated in our schools as if they were not legitimate subjects of study" and has called for a tough policy of hard work in the interest of producing trained minds. The forthright Joel Hildebrand, professor emeritus of chemistry at the University of California and past president of the American Chemical Society, is using his retirement to conduct a one-man crusade against sloppy educational practices — and for his pains is constantly being sniped at by the educationists. Another scholarly voice is that of Professor James J. Lynch of the English department of the University of California, who says that we must "quit pretending that education is a mysterious process that can only be known to certain professional initiates" and "must not be any longer misled into believing that all is well in education because the voices most often heard say so." But the voices of DuBridge, Hildebrand, and Lynch have so far been effectively drowned out by the powerful main chorus.

After a paper cutout by Matisse



AN AUTUMN WALK

BY WITTER BYNNER

Here at this sudden age of mine
I listen to leaves along my walk:
My foot becomes the moving vine,
My step the talk.

I lift a foot, and the other foot,
But still I hear along the way
Less of what I am about
Than a leaf can say.

Leaves lie down so lightly dead
That they are neither there nor here,
And I remain alive instead
Along the year.

THE NEW EUROPE

PAUL-HENRI SPAAK

Lawyer, politician, and statesman, PAUL-HENRI SPAAK has for many years displayed rare qualities of leadership. Before the outbreak of World War II he headed the Belgian cabinet as the youngest Premier in Belgian history. He has served as Foreign Minister several times, has been Secretary General of NATO since May, 1957, and was the prime mover in the creation of the European Common Market and Euratom.

TEN years ago, when I used to make speeches about Europe, people would listen to me good-naturedly and sometimes, I can even say, with interest, but also with a great deal of indulgence. They seemed to think that the activity I was engaged in was not, after all, a bad one and that even though I was pursuing a beautiful and unattainable ideal, there was no reason why I should not talk about it to those willing to give me a hearing. I, fortunately along with many others, at that time was looked upon as a kind of prophet.

Today the situation has completely changed. Europe is no longer something which needs to be prophesied; it is something which needs explaining. For from the first of January of this year — with the ratification of the Euratom and Common Market treaties by the parliaments of the six member countries — the idea of an integrated Europe has entered a new and, I believe, decisive stage.

Fifty years ago, if someone lecturing on Europe had raised these questions: Where in more than two thousand years of history has civilization been concentrated? Where have military might, diplomatic influence, economic power, or intellectual attraction been centered? no one would have hesitated in replying that civilization had, for two thousand years of human history, been concentrated around the coasts of the Mediterranean and along the European shores of the Atlantic Ocean. The names of Athens, Rome, Paris, Madrid, London, and Berlin spring to mind to symbolize the most brilliant centers of this civilization.

But consider the political center of the world today. Are we not forced to recognize that in the last fifty years there has occurred a truly extraordinary displacement of power? And must not we Europeans recognize with humility, not to say with a certain feeling of humiliation, that today the great decisions affecting the fate of the world and our destiny are made in Washington? And if we are absolutely sincere, must we not also add, in Moscow?

Since 1939 Europe has lost the Baltic states, most of the Balkan states, and the bulk of the states of Central Europe, and in this shift we have been witnessing a spectacle which is, in my opinion, one of the greatest tragedies in human history. It is certain that in these countries there are millions of men and women — the majority of their populations, I would say — who would like to live under other conditions of life, under other moral and political systems, but who are prevented from doing so by their political regimes. Yet in contemplating this human tragedy, Europe is if not indifferent, at any rate powerless.

A year and a half ago, when Hungary sought to regain its political and economic independence and the dignity of a free people, we were able to give the suffering Hungarian people some material aid, but politically we were unable to do anything essential. And once again, in the face of the Hungarian tragedy, we were forced to recognize Europe's powerlessness to promote a policy in keeping with our ideals and sentiments.

We have seen the same thing happen in the Middle East. When I was a schoolboy, we used to be told that the major problem in the Middle East was the rivalry between France and Britain. In the autumn of 1956 we saw France and Britain adopt a common stand on a vital problem, and we saw how it all ended. It seems to me that this was a new sign of the weakness and diminished strength of the countries of Western Europe, and that this is now so obvious that no one can seriously contest it.

This political decline has been accompanied by an economic and social decline which is just as great. Not long ago I read in a book written by a French economist, Jean Fourastié, and entitled *Europe in 1960*, that "in 1880 with an hour's wages, a French worker could buy 3.5 kilograms of bread, and at the same time, in 1880, with an hour's wages an American worker could also buy 3.5 kilograms of bread. In 1950, the French worker with an hour's wages could still buy 3.5 kilograms of bread, but the American worker could with an hour's wages buy 18 kilograms of bread."

When, more than a year ago, we held a conference at Brussels to launch the Common Market and Euratom, the experts who had prepared the preliminary reports confronted us with some simple facts which, so far as I know, no one has been able to challenge. In their report they noted that there was not a single automobile company in Europe today capable of running the huge machines which are currently used in manufacturing cars in the United States. They noted that there was not a single company, or even a single country, on the continent in Europe capable of building the great commercial airliners which are a necessity of modern life. Finally, they noted that in the fields of nuclear research and development — that is to say, in the research of the future — Europe was ten to fifteen years behind the United States, and I think they might well have added, behind Russia. Automation has already made immense strides in the United States and Russia, but in the countries of Western Europe it has been treated as a social problem and as a threat of unemployment. This is another indication of the decline of our economic life.

The major European countries are no longer in the running, and nobody talks of them any more. They seem to have been struck from the map, from that industrial and scientific map where, not so long ago, they were well in the lead. Though I am not a technician, nor a scientist, nor an engineer, one thing seems to me undeniable: none of the countries of Europe today can give its people the full benefit of the latest inventions and possibilities of science and technology if we just stay where we are. In saying this, I am not merely

thinking of my own country, Belgium, a country of 9 million inhabitants, but also of countries like France and Britain, which have from 40 to 50 million inhabitants. In the existing state of science and technology I am convinced that markets of this size are simply too small.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union are undergoing an extremely rapid economic and social development. It can be argued, with an impressive show of logic, that the American and Russian markets are organized on diametrically opposed principles and that of the two systems one is good and therefore likely to have a brilliant future, while the other is bad and therefore likely to run into difficulties and crises. In practice both are developing, and it seems evident that they are doing so because, over and above their differences, they share one thing in common: the size of the market, the number of consumers — in America 170 million, in Russia more than 200 million. Now I do not see why, if Europe had conditions like these, instead of trying to get along with markets which are quite obviously insufficient and incapable of even allowing us to try what has succeeded in other countries, we could not do as well as the United States or Russia.

AFTER World War II there was a moment of hesitation and also a moment of illusion. It was hoped that an essentially new world could be built up on a universal basis around the United Nations. But it did not take people long to realize that these were grandiose illusions and vain hopes, and around 1948 the idea of "Europe" re-emerged from its ashes and a new flame was lit.

Since 1948 the progress of European integration has been considerable. There was first of all the Council of Europe, which was created in 1948. Those who took part in the first session of the Council of Europe, held in 1949 in Strasbourg, will always retain a particularly stirring memory of the occasion, for in those circles interested in the experiment we had the impression that we had scored a well-nigh decisive victory and that this Council of Europe was to be the springboard from which we could go on to the real political integration of the different countries of Europe.

Unfortunately, here too the illusions were quickly shattered, and it became clear that while for certain countries the Council of Europe was the start of a great European adventure, for others it was the end of the road, it was the maximum they were prepared to concede to Europe. And so the dissensions broke out, notably between constitutionalists and functionalists.

The constitutionalists and federalists perhaps

had logic on their side. Their arguments, at any rate, had the merit of simplicity. They said, in effect, "Let us draw up a European constitution, integrate the countries of Europe and those who wish to adhere to the constitution, and at one blow Europe will be politically constituted." But though this approach was logical and rapid, it was impractical and too much in advance of the times and of prevailing ideas to be capable of realization.

A few people of a more practical frame of mind thereupon turned their efforts to building by what came to be known in the jargon of Strasbourg as the "functional method." What they said in effect was, "Let us not try to achieve aims that are too ideal and perfect. Let us take some particular problem of genuine importance and, instead of giving it a French, German, or Italian solution, give it a European solution." The model of this approach was the European Coal and Steel Community, rightly labeled the Schuman Plan and based on the ideas of Jean Monnet.

The Coal and Steel Community has been a success, and in my opinion an extremely interesting demonstration of the validity of the arguments I have put forward in favor of a Common Market. The Coal and Steel Community has eliminated the tariff barriers and all the obstacles to the free circulation of two essential products, coal and steel.

We had considerable difficulty, however, getting the European Coal and Steel Community accepted. I do not wish to go into details about all the objections that were made to it. I shall only mention my own opinion in listening to what the experts had to say about it. In the parliaments of the six member countries of the Community (Germany, France, Italy, and the Benelux countries — Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg) the same arguments were repeated, and there were people who asserted, with the greatest seriousness and with the aid of seemingly irrefutable statistics, that the Coal and Steel Community must fatally ruin the coal and steel industries in their respective countries. Now, this could obviously not be true of all six countries. The Coal and Steel Community might perhaps ruin one or two of them, but it could not conceivably ruin all six. In actual fact, it has ruined none of them, and all have made out pretty well with it. What we have seen, at any rate, is that intra-Community trade in coal and steel has considerably increased and that since a Common Market worked for two such important industries, other experiments became possible.

THE functional method having worked for coal and steel, it was decided to apply it to military

problems — that is, to the European Defense Community. Those Europeans who wanted the integration of Europe were quite aware that the military sphere was not a particularly favorable one, and I must say that we fully appreciated the dangers of trying a second experiment aimed at a military community.

The failure of the EDC was a terrible blow to the idea of European integration, for in a movement like the one for a united Europe, each success furthers the cause but each defeat sets you way back. The rejection of the EDC was not simply a refusal to accept a certain form of military integration; it was a blow to the whole European idea, and at that moment it was a question as to whether the efforts in this direction, which had been constant since 1948, would not be halted once and for all.

Fortunately, there were a number of political partisans of the new Europe who were not completely discouraged. But eventually the foreign ministers of the three Benelux countries got together and decided to relaunch the European idea, agreeing in effect to the creation of a Common Market to cover all products and industries, not just coal and steel, and to the pooling of atomic research and development.

In 1955 the foreign ministers of "Little Europe" gathered together at Messina, and at the end of their meeting they published a communiqué which in effect declared — this was only a few months after the failure of the EDC — "The goal of our foreign policy is the creation of a Common Market." They were very proud of their communiqué, yet the fact remains that though it did not go completely unnoticed it made no great impression because no one at the time took the foreign ministers seriously. No one, after the failure of the EDC, really thought it possible to proclaim that the first foreign policy aim of the six countries of Little Europe was the creation of a Common Market.

It must be admitted that politicians often use big words to veil the hollowness of their policies, and the public is well aware of it and no longer gets much excited over speeches, but looks for deeds. But that day the ministers were really inspired.

A major trouble with political conferences is that when politicians cannot agree on something, they create a committee and refer the problem to experts. Whenever you see this announced in a communiqué, be wary. It means that the difficulties are really very great. Such cases attest an inexcusable shifting of responsibilities. For experts are not made to resolve difficulties; they are made to find technical solutions to political decisions taken by heads of governments. My own experi-

ence, in fact, allows me to state that where there is a political will, there is no technical difficulty which cannot be overcome.

For once, the ministers at Messina had posed the question correctly. They did not say to their experts, "Tell us if there is a possibility of creating a Common Market." They said to them, "We are going to establish one; you must now tell us how to go about it." The entire difference between success and failure resides in this slight nuance.

DURING the war, when the Belgian government of which I was a member was in London, we got together with the ministers of Holland and Luxembourg and conceived the idea of creating what later came to be known as Benelux. When we returned to Belgium and showed the treaty we had signed to the government officials who had not followed us abroad, they looked at us with gentle indulgence and shrugged their shoulders, as much as to say, "These ministers, when left on their own, are really terrible. They've considered none of the practical difficulties involved." And so for six months the Benelux idea was stalled.

One day I went to Holland to meet the Prime Minister of the Netherlands, and we had a conversation which went roughly like this. He said to me, "Do you really want a union with Holland?" I said to him, "Yes." I then asked him, "And you, do you want a union with Belgium?" He answered, "Yes." We then said, "So our decision is taken?" "Yes."

In the Prime Minister's office was a bell. We pressed the bell and our experts entered, and we said to them, "Gentlemen, our decision has just been confirmed. The technical questions posed by Benelux must be solved within six months." They threw up their hands and looked at us as though we were off our heads, but we simply said to them, "Gentlemen, we ask you to place your knowledge at the service of our policies, and we have such confidence in your skill that we are sure you will find the proper solutions."

Six months later it was all finished, and I am convinced that this is the approach to employ in politics. Each group has its particular responsibilities: the statesmen, in making decisions; the experts, in finding the practical solutions to the problems thereby raised.

Well, that is what we decided at Messina. We communicated our decision to our experts, and we also had the idea of appointing a political coordinator to oversee their work. It was not a bad idea — and I say so not because it was I who was chosen for it but because in dealing with experts one must, at a given moment, make a choice be-

tween them. Experts are such learned people that they don't come up with just one solution; usually they come up with three or four, and needless to say each regards his own as the best and defends it as though it were the honor of his mother. After a certain lapse of time the moment comes when a nonspecialist, a man as thoroughly inexperienced as a politician, must choose between them, basing his decision not on technical considerations but on the one quality which should be demanded of all politicians: common sense. When a politician applies common sense to the work of experts, the result is excellent.

We then set to work, and after two years, to everyone's astonishment, we produced the first report in which the experts declared that a Common Market could be set up on such and such a basis. Following this, we held a conference at Venice where we decided to draw up a treaty on the basis of the preliminary Brussels report. We realized, of course, that between the acceptance of a preliminary report and the drafting of a treaty there is quite a gap, but on March 25, 1957, on the Capitoline in Rome and to the pealing of bells, we signed the treaty for the Common Market and the treaty for Euratom.

When I let myself be swept away by my enthusiasm for a united Europe, I declare that March 25, 1957, is, from the European point of view, as important a date as July 14, 1789. I believe that the Common Market is for the future of Europe as important a social and economic event as were the taking of the Bastille and the French Revolution. Indeed, this is not merely a European event, it is an event of world importance; for the European Common Market is in terms of world trade — I do not say in terms of production — the largest on earth, more important than the United States, more important than Great Britain, far more important than Russia and the whole Communist world.

One consequence of the birth of such a community is already apparent: the whole world has been shaken by its creation. We have in the past had quite a few difficulties with Great Britain; indeed, one must say that not a small part of the obstacles that have arisen in Europe has been due to the lukewarmness of Britain. Since we have set up the Common Market, however, we have already succeeded in making Britain move, and even before the Common Market had gone into effect, Britain was asking to join us in the establishment of a free trade area. We had not finished drafting the Common Market treaty when the Scandinavian countries, who already had a partial entente among themselves, decided to push it much further — something which shows that the mere creation of the Common Market has stimu-

lated new initiatives and set the people of Europe to thinking. And it is essential that these people and their leaders should learn to stop thinking as members of small communities of 8 or 9 million and learn to think and act as members of a community of more than 150 million.

IT is evident that uniting Europe around the Common Market is anything but an easy policy. It is a policy which consists of asking certain people to give up something that they now possess in the hope of having more in the future. It is not a question of promising each country and each class that they will have more tomorrow than they do today. No, I think it the hallmark of the statesman to place himself above certain particular interests and to view the whole of the situation and the general interest of the community he belongs to. And if he is sure that in the long run the whole will win, he must have the boldness to formulate solutions and to offer remedies.

I am personally absolutely convinced that the general level of welfare will rise and that the total benefit to the community will be greater. There will, of course, be struggles; there will be sufferings. I often tell my compatriots, when speaking of the Common Market, that those who are asleep while this revolution is occurring will never wake up, whereas those who have grasped what is happening and who are ready to adapt themselves to the new conditions and modes of thought engendered by the Common Market will be rewarded with the most splendid economic, and thus social, future.

There are some — and among them perhaps are those who fought us at first and who still wish our defeat — who tell us that we should have done more and done better. But if we had drawn up a bolder treaty, we would have risked never getting it ratified by the parliaments of the six countries. I think we showed political wisdom and maturity in fixing a minimum period of twelve and a maximum period of fifteen years, divided into three stages, for the definitive establishment of the Common Market. In this way no one will be confronted from one day to the next by insoluble problems. Each will have time to reflect, to examine the situation, to try new experiments, and thus progressively the tariff barriers will disappear and a common trade policy will emerge.

Since the first of January of this year we have set out on the road of integration for the six European countries, and those who have long viewed this as an indispensable measure for saving Europe now glimpse the hope of doing even more. For we have a great Western organization — NATO —

with fourteen countries, where we should at least strive to coordinate our foreign policies.

Some months ago there occurred an event not unlike that communiqué of Messina. This was the Washington communiqué which was published last October after the conversations between President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Macmillan. When I returned to Europe — I was in the United States at the time it appeared — I was surprised to find that people either were unaware of the Washington communiqué or simply attached no importance to it. Yet that communiqué contained an extraordinary sentence, in which the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain declared roughly as follows: “The future, the fate of our countries, no longer lies in independence; it is only in interdependence, in the common use of our resources and in the sharing of our tasks, that we shall find our economic progress and our security.”

If, when I first read this communiqué, I did not feel particularly moved, it was because these are words and phrases we have employed in Europe for a good ten years. How many times have I heard some speaker cry at the end of a speech, “We must unite or perish!” When these words are uttered by the delegate from Belgium or Luxembourg they are not of great importance, but when they are uttered by the President of the United States, by the most powerful country of the Atlantic Alliance, then it is an event, and we must not repeat the error, made at the time of the Messina communiqué, of failing to realize that perhaps something vital has just happened.

I say “perhaps” for we must, of course, look for deeds beyond the words, and we must see what the politicians really mean when they assert that the fate of the entire Western world — and not just of greater Europe or of smaller Europe, but also of Canada and the United States — depends on the common utilization of resources and the sharing of wealth.

For my part I believe that the two English-speaking statesmen were right, and that the Western world can solve its problems only by continuing the process of integration we have begun within the framework of Europe. I believe that in the vital struggle between two ways of life, the struggle between Communism and Western civilization, we can triumph — if we do not commit some major blunder. We can triumph: we can win all the scientific battles, all the economic battles, and all the social battles, while preserving our liberties, our democracy, and what is most essential in our civilization, respect for the individual. This we can do if we learn to organize our efforts, first within Europe and then within the Atlantic Alliance.

Threat or Opportunity for America?

THE EUROPEAN COMMON MARKET

BY LELAND HAZARD

Vice president and general counsel for the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, LELAND HAZARD is in close touch with business leaders here and in Europe. In the following article he appraises the opportunities which the European Common Market will present to the American economy.

CHANGE in Europe is the order of the day and, except for uncertainty about France, no change seems more surely launched than the European Common Market. Only war or prolonged and deep depression could unsettle the plan of France, Italy, West Germany, and the Benelux countries to make a common area in which 162 million people, their persons, products, goods, services, and currencies, can move, free of tariffs, restrictions, quotas, and passports. Incredible? Yes, but Americans must be alert. Paul-Henri Spaak puts it very well in this issue of the *Atlantic*: "those who are asleep while this revolution is occurring will never wake up."

Western Europe is creating the Common Market out of economic strength, not out of weakness. Of course American aid has been a factor. The Marshall Plan, launched when Europe lay panting from war fatigue and frustration, was without precedent. And more important than the dollars

— which were a rather small percentage of Europe's post-war capital outlay — was the wisdom of the American suggestion that they be expended cooperatively through the Organization for European Economic Cooperation formed by a treaty signed at Paris in April, 1948. Within a period of a few years Europe leaped forward in economic cooperation a distance greater than it had covered in centuries. Now the Common Market can be correctly labeled "Made in Europe" — no American money, advice, counsel, suggestion, or pressure is directly or even indirectly involved.

To understand Western Europe's quick return to economic strength, we must dispel some illusions about the extent of World War II damage. War is so horrifying that we can easily forget to look at the figures after the shooting stops. Take population for an example. In France, Italy, Benelux, and the United Kingdom, military deaths were only one to 2 per cent of 1937 populations. Furthermore, by 1948 — except for France, which held stable — populations had increased by 6 to 9 per cent over 1937 populations. Even Germany, which lost 10 per cent of its 1937 population in military deaths, showed an increase in 1950 of 3 per cent over the 1937 population. And in West Germany by 1957 the population, because of the influx of Germans from elsewhere, had increased by 25 per cent over the 1939 figure. World War II, terrible as it was, made scarcely a dent in the populations of the Common Market countries.

Take productive capacity as another example of how little the economic potential of Western

Europe was adversely affected by World War II. Destruction of manufacturing capacity during World War II was more than offset by expansions of capacity during the same period. For example, the number of metal-cutting and metal-forming tools in Germany, France, Italy, and the United Kingdom expanded between 1938 and 1945 by 9 to 49 per cent, depending upon the country. True, France lost 25 per cent of its railway rolling stock, but West Germany came out with more rolling stock than it had before the war.

The essentially slight impairment of Western Europe's human and material resources by World War II takes some of the mystery out of its quick ascension to the economic strength and the spiritual confidence upon which an innovation like the Common Market must rest. It is important for Americans to realize that this strength and this confidence do exist. The six nations of the new Europe are determined to abolish tariffs among themselves and establish a common tariff vis-à-vis the rest of the world. When we face that fact, we must think about the opportunities and the risks for America in the new Europe.

Since 1950 the percentage of the total national product which the nations of the Common Market have put into capital investment has been higher than in the United States. The differential in favor of these nations has been substantial — 25 per cent to more than 50 per cent. And the differential in favor of Western Europe is higher in the later years of the period, 1955 and 1956, years in which we were having a capital investment boom ourselves. Furthermore the lag in the United States is even more pronounced when one considers that the figures show the Western European countries placing a higher proportion of their total gross fixed investment into manufacturing — industrialization — than has the United States in the period since 1950. We are still far and away the most highly industrialized great nation in the world. But since 1950 the six nations of the Common Market have been gaining on us.

Take another trend indicator. Western Europe has greatly expanded its share of total American merchandise imports: from 7.4 per cent in 1950 to 13.2 per cent in 1956. When a man sees Volkswagens and Renaults running about our streets, he is simply observing on wheels one component of these percentage figures. But here again a balanced view is required. The Europe of the Six is now the largest *importer* in the world. These nations still buy more from America than we buy from them. But out of a total production of only one third the size of our own, Western Europe in recent years has had the spirit to deny itself some good things and so has been able to double its participation in our American market.

Threat or opportunity for America — which will the Common Market be? To answer this question one must look at the major changes by which the new European Economic Community will come into being. Some of these changes will hurt, others will help certain segments of American business. What we must look for is the net probable effect.

First we should realize that the European Economic Community is no crash program. It is a slow, but, I think, inexorable movement to economic unity, with steps and time schedule predetermined by the treaty signed at Rome by the six participating countries on March 25, 1957. Commencing January 1, 1959, in three stages of four years each, customs duties and restrictions on imports and exports among the member states will be eliminated. The tariffs of the protectionist countries, France and Italy, will decrease by percentages, stage by stage. By the end of twelve years, the tariffs of nonprotectionist Benelux and West Germany will increase to meet the declining tariffs of the others and so make a uniform Common Market tariff versus the rest of the world.

Obviously an American firm which has been exporting a commodity or product to low-tariff or no-tariff Holland will find that market less attractive. But perhaps France may by the same token become a more attractive market. There will be many facets of export-import questions of that type. But these problems are not the most significant unless, of course, the Common Market itself should decide to become highly protectionist. In that case the injury to American export trade could be substantial. However, one of the declared aims is "the association of overseas countries and territories with the Community with a view to increasing trade and to pursuing jointly their effort towards economic and social development." This does not sound like rigorous protectionism.

How will the revolutionary changes necessary to bring about the Community be implemented? Although the Common Market is an economic, not a political, entity, nevertheless political techniques, generally democratic in nature, are provided by the treaty: an assembly, representative of the peoples of the member states, with deliberative powers; a council, representative of the member states, with coordinating powers; a commission of nine members, with executive powers; and a court of justice, with judicial powers.

I asked a Belgian statesman what type of law case would, in his opinion, come first before the Common Market court of justice. He adverted to those provisions of the treaty prohibiting restriction or distortion of competition within the Common Market. Cartels of one sort or another have

been the order of the day in Europe. Technology has outrun the size of national markets. Hence there have been agreements, many of them valid under European laws, providing allocations, quotas, territories among European competitors. Now that national economic boundaries are to be abolished, the market will become substantially the size of our American market, and the familiar antitrust concepts of American law are written into the Common Market treaty. My Belgian informant thought that a case of antitrust nature would probably be the first to arise under the Common Market court of justice.

OBVIOUSLY the Common Market treaty is more than a declaration of pious hopes. It has teeth in it. What then are the Western European powers after? Something, I believe, which has already been demonstrated on a smaller scale in Benelux and in the European Coal and Steel Community, made up of the same nations that belong to the Common Market. Since the commencement of the pooling of the coal and steel operations, trade among the members of the Community in coal and steel has increased in volume by 23 per cent for coal, 50 per cent for iron ore, 145 per cent for iron and steel, and 304 per cent for scrap — all within a bare four years. During the same period the steel industry in the Community has been profitable also.

The opportunity for Americans in the Common Market rests in the degree by which Europe's standard of living is lower than ours. The Six, with substantially the same population as that of America, produce only one third as many goods. This means that 162 million people in Europe consume about one third the amount our 170 million people consume. One could debate the spiritual value of any category of items which Americans buy, use, or consume, but to the economist they all make up the standard of living, and Americans produce and consume about three times as much per person as Western Europeans. We could not do this if our capital investments in machines and facilities for distributing their products were not about three times greater.

If the standard of living of Western Europe is to increase to equal that of America — and responsible European economists predict that it will under the Common Market — then there must be substantially three times more of almost everything now produced in the six member states. Mass production and distribution methods, in which Americans are more experienced than Europeans, will be required. Here is the opportunity for American capital and American skills.

Opportunities in distribution, sales promotion, advertising, modern merchandising will be even greater than in production. European engineering is good, but the national markets have been too small for the full scope of engineering skills. At the Renault headquarters, officials quote a Ford vice president as crediting Renault with having more advanced automation than any company has in the United States. But this is only one case. There are many industries and individual companies which can make use of American capital and management.

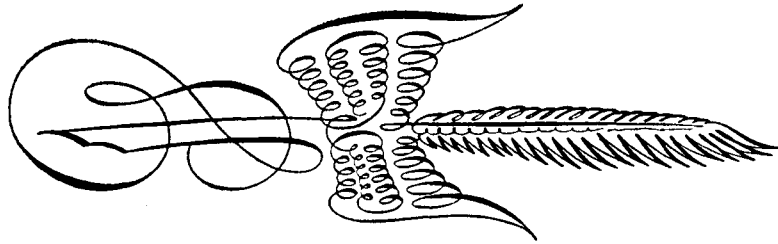
In distribution, the opportunities are even greater than in manufacturing. European methods of selling, however picturesque, are quite inadequate for high consumption. In Rouen, a city of over a hundred thousand, my wife set forth to get six items for a picnic lunch, planned for some Normandy roadside in appleblossom time. The venture took her to six establishments, a different one for each item, and consumed over an hour in time. American methods can be employed with profit to Americans in the process of modernizing Europe's mass distribution systems. But American capital and management must speak softly — and not in English — in the new Europe. Especially in France and Italy it is no merit to know only English.

France has the strongest economy of the Six. This is true despite its overvalued currency and the heavy drain of the Algerian troubles. France has over a third of the total product of the Six. With a population of 7 million less than Germany's, France has a national income of 9 billion dollars more per annum. It is essential to the Common Market.

What will General de Gaulle do? Will he in the end seek escape from reality in search of the *grandeur de la France*, or will he perceive the young and vibrant Europe which does not worry about ancient honor when the standard of living is involved? Happily, de Gaulle has the strength to deliver France if he catches the vision of men like Paul-Henri Spaak.

It is a temptation to believe that Europe, seeing itself caught in the power plays of Russia and the United States, is planning to go it alone. I find no support for such a view. Some of my informants say that the Common Market is Europe's bid to keep Germany from falling into the hands of Russia. The fabulous markets of Red China, they say, would be the prize that Russia would offer Germany to look eastward. Industrialization of Red China with German machines and German technology — what a prize! If Russia has taken Germany up onto that high mountain, then indeed we must hope that European economic unity will be enough to keep Germany looking westward.

THE WRITING OF



JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Stephen Vincent Benét in Paris

BY CHARLES FENTON

A graduate of Yale in 1948, and until recently a member of its English department, CHARLES FENTON is now professor of English at Duke University. He has just completed his literary biography of Stephen Vincent Benét, which is to be published next month by the Yale University Press. From it we have drawn this illuminating excerpt, which we think will be of special interest to all lovers of Mr. Benét's epic.

WHEN Stephen Vincent Benét put his wife and daughter on the train for Chicago in April, 1926, for their annual visit to her parents, he had five dollars left in the world after buying the tickets. He lived on the five dollars until a small check arrived from his mother, and then immediately mailed fifteen dollars to his wife, Rosemary. His predicament was not unique; it was not even unusual. It was a commonplace in the practice of American letters.

Five years before, when he was twenty-two, Benét had decided that he would live by and for his writing. He then went on to publish two collections of verse and three novels. He wrote thirty-four short stories — about two hundred and fifty thousand words — and sold all but two of them, for a price that averaged slightly below five hundred dollars per story. Both his verse and his prose won national prizes. Several of his ballads were already semiclassics in the national literature. He had been industrious and productive and his professional growth had been consistent, and yet during the last half of 1925 and the first months of 1926 his situation was fundamentally as insecure and discouraging as that of an unknown and unpublished writer arriving in New York at the age of twenty.

Benét was weary of the pretense of lighthearted

modern romance; his mind was on the long poem which he had gloomily told Rosemary it would take him seven years to write; and he began to look around for help. Without much real hope he went down to Pershing Square for a talk with Henry Allen Moe, secretary of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. Moe — “a gray-haired Buddha,” Benét said afterward — encouraged him to put in an application for one of the fellowships. If his project was accepted, he would receive a grant of \$2500 and go to Paris.

Benét was purposefully vague in the outline of his project. “What I said in my ‘plan,’” he explained later, “boiled down to this: that I was sick of writing short stories and wanted to do a long poem on some American subject. I told them I had several ideas — including the Civil War one — but couldn’t say which one I’d take.” Benét wrote Wilbur Cross at Yale in September, 1925, asking for a letter of recommendation.

“It would mean a year in which I could write what I want,” Benét explained to the dean, “preferably verse, which has no market value, instead of writing what the magazines want, which, unfortunately, boils the pot, so I should, naturally, like to have a stab at it.”

The dean was pleased to write for him, and so were Edna Millay and John Masefield, and Benét

put it out of his mind as much as he could and went back to the he-she stories. Soon, he knew, he would have more than a wife and a two-year-old daughter to care for; a second child was due in the fall.

In April the list of grants was released. Benét was on it. He was jubilant. "It is a good graft," he told Phelps Putnam, urging him to apply for one. "They are very decent. They give you \$2500 in four quarterly installments and tell you to run off and roll your hoop. Then they don't bother you any more." Once again he had recovered from seeming disaster. "Don't worry!" he wrote Rosemary in Chicago. "I enclose herewith 2 checks for \$50 apiece and will send them tonight by airplane mail. I phoned Stan [Rinehart] & he very kindly gave me \$750 advance on the new *Spanish Bayonet* royalties, so you see everything is all right. S.B. by the way has sold over 7000 net (excluding the 800 or so review or free copies) so besides *this* check we will get at least \$900 more from it during the year, so that's nice, isn't it? The gross sales are over 8000."

BENÉT and Rosemary stayed up till 2 A.M. the first night at sea. "It seemed so delightful," Benét wrote his parents, "to be anywhere that was relatively cool." The foghorn troubled Stephanie for a time; she was reassured when they explained that it was merely the *Caronia* talking. Alice Lee Myers met them at Le Havre and drove them to Paris. The Myerses had found them a fine apartment on the Rue Jadin. It belonged to Mrs. Jean Lamont, an American friend of both the Myerses and of Stephen's brother, Bill. Its comfort and the fashionable address, Benét wrote a friend, were beyond their station. "It has a bath and no concierge," Benét told Shreve Badger, "thus reversing the usual procedure." Mrs. Lamont had hospitably left champagne and wines for Benét and Rosemary, and books and toys for their daughter.

They were suddenly weary, conscious at last of the insecurity of the past five years. "When we got to this marvelous place," Benét wrote his brother, "we simply sank into it as into a goose-feather bed and relaxed." They investigated the new American Hospital, where Rosemary would be delivered some time toward the end of September, and Benét went out there again to see his agent, Carl Brandt, who had had two serious operations for appendicitis in the midst of a business trip to England and the Continent. There was good news: Brandt had sold the English serial rights of *Spanish Bayonet* for one hundred and fifty pounds. Benét began to think about the long

poem. "I have a nice little room on the 6th floor," he told his brother, "all swept & garnished."

Their son was born at the American Hospital in Paris on September 28, 1926. He had threatened an earlier arrival, and for a time, Benét wrote his friends, it had seemed he might be named either *Caronia* or *Chemin de fer*. He was christened Thomas Carr, however, an amiable and healthy baby whose arrival signaled a kind of recommencement and renewal of their lives. They settled comfortably into the new atmosphere. Stephanie played each day in the nearby sand piles of the Parc Monceau. "She alternates French and English with great unself-consciousness," Benét told Robert Nathan. He himself resumed the research and planning he had tentatively begun in New York in late June and July.

His sense of the project, like the plan he had submitted for the Guggenheim fellowship, was a broad one. This was characteristic of all his work; even editors had become adjusted to his unwillingness to tie himself down. The quality he most valued in writing was movement; he had learned that for him an outline tended to freeze movement. The general shape of his long poem was nevertheless already clear to him. In the fall of 1926 he visualized twelve parts; in its final form, thirteen months later, it in fact contained ten units, the eight books preceded by the invocation and the slaver prelude.

His conception of the organization was in part a reflection of the long talks he had had with the composer Douglas Moore about the use of American material. He deliberately maintained a loose form, he said later, seeking the structural fluidity of a musical composition. For the moment his working title was *Horses of Anger*. His mood was one of careful and luxurious exploration. For the first time in six years he was free of deadlines; the Guggenheim check would arrive each quarter.

He read steadily, with the extraordinary speed and retention which had confounded his contemporaries at Yale. Several of them were in Paris during the next year — Tom Chubb, Archibald MacLeish, Donald Ogden Stewart, Douglas Moore — and watching him go through the resources of the American Library reminded them of the wagers they had won by betting classmates that he could read an entire book on the train ride from New Haven to New York. Now, instead of James Branch Cabell and Chesterton, he read the regimental histories he had brought from New York, and he reread for the first time since boyhood the *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. He read diaries and memoirs and autobiographies and all the collections of correspondence.

For the portrait of John Brown he relied par-

ticularly on Villard's biography; for the political and social history of the period he studied Channing and McMaster. He studied all the various lives of Lincoln, especially Sandburg and Hay and Lord Charnwood. He shaped several of his battlefield episodes from *Four Brothers in Blue*, the participant account of life in the Army of the Potomac. Wherever possible he went back to original sources; all during the rest of his life editors asked him to review new Civil War material, knowing that he had acquired the background of a professional specialist. The historian Samuel Eliot Morison, writing in 1930 to ask permission to quote from *John Brown's Body* in his own *The Growth of the American Republic*, told him that the poem's historical narrative was accurate in every detail. Douglas Southall Freeman, reading the poem while he researched the same period for his *R. E. Lee*, was full of admiration. "He could have fortified even his casual adverbs with footnotes," said Freeman.

BENÉT found the research a vast pleasure. "Good source books," he said once, "make the most fascinating sort of reading." He was working, however, almost ten years in advance of American scholarship. A decade later both the New York publishers and the university presses would be printing immense quantities of Americana of every description. Eventually there would be a Civil War Book Club, and a History Book Club, and magazines devoted exclusively to the national past. In 1926 a student of that past had to track down a large part of the material on his own.

"Why doesn't somebody write a good life of Lee?" Benét asked John Farrar in 1927, midway through his own project. "There ought to be a really first-class life of him, neither the biographical novel nor the old kind, and there isn't. And now is the time when somebody could do it with a little perspective. The writers are being well taken care of, but the Civil War people aren't, and a lot of them were damn interesting. You could write a superb novel around Forrest — there are the Grant memoirs but there is no great life of Grant — etc. etc. But Lee is a crying need. And it would take brains, for he's something of an ungettable man. For that matter, Davis would be quite a stunt to exhume from the legend."

Benét took notes on the reminiscences of Mrs. Roger A. Pryor and *The Diary of a Southern Girl*. He used John Beauchamp Jones's *A Rebel War Clerk's Diary*, again almost ten years before it was republished in a general edition, and the memoirs

of Letitia Macdonald. All his rigorous sense of the importance of accuracy responded to the duties of sound research. "Well, for the record . . ." he always prefaced the debate of conversation. Here, too, he was trying to establish the record of conflicting testimony. "It is worthy," he said once, "to assemble facts, to put truth in the face of legend, to investigate impartially, to throw new light on an old problem."

He became one of the regulars at the American Library, housed ornately on the Rue de l'Elysée in a former palace of the Papal Nuncio. "He read everything we had on Lincoln," one of the librarians remembered years later. They recalled his arriving once a week with an armful of books and leaving an hour or two later with an equal load. From the New York publishing houses the library received exhibition copies of most of the new books, and these were available for circulation for six weeks before being returned to America. Here Benét read *Elmer Gantry* and *The Sun Also Rises*, both of which he admired, and *Show Boat*, and, in French, the novels of Proust, "who is almost ideal for me," he wrote John Carter, "as he is as long as Trollope and a lot better." These were evening diversions, however, like the French detective stories and the old Edgar Wallace novels which he trailed through the secondhand book-stalls. His working day was built around the Civil War and its people.

"I wish I had about a million books on the Civil War that aren't in the American Library," he wrote his brother, "but then I am having trouble enough with the ones I can use — people lie so, especially when they are writing their reminiscences."

He envied the writers who worked the same field in later years. "We are getting better and better source books on American history all the time," he said in 1939, "and we are lucky to have them." For the moment he did his best to check himself constantly. "I want to be as accurate as possible wherever I can," he told John Farrar, warning his editor that if the poem were ever finished he would probably be making corrections right up to publication time. He had read all the current historical studies which took their lead from Strachey and Gamaliel Bradford. He respected the research of these two, and of such disciples as Philip Guedalla, but he had little use for the bulk of this new school of history.

"A good many of our recent biographies or semibiographies or biograftions, whatever you choose to call them," he said in 1932, "have [been] rather like Mark Twain's reconstruction of the dinosaur, 'three bones and a dozen barrels of plaster.' The author might not always take the trouble to find out just what his subject did and

when he did it, for that often requires a tiresome amount of research. But, as regards what the subject thought and felt, there the author was not merely all-wise but all-seeing. . . . A few footnotes, a dash of Freud, thick paper, a dashing jacket — and *Passion on the Wind, or the Life of Chester A. Arthur*, was ready for the trade.”

Benét was anxious to avoid any such improvisation in his own portraits. “These little things are hell to check on,” he told Farrar, explaining why this was going to be so long a project, “and I have had a lot of grief trying to do so.” He worked every day, surmounting for the first time his hostility to early rising. When a friend remarked that he kept hours as regular as an office worker, he replied — it was one of the few times he spoke of his writing habits — that a long poem was a 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. proposition. He likened the problems to the composition of a novel.

“When you set out on a long poem,” he said, “it’s not possible to write only when you are feeling fine. You have to write so much every day or you’d never get the thing done. Short poems are a different matter.”

By Christmas he had finished what he still regarded as the first of twelve sections. He rarely mentioned what he was working on during this period unless his friends questioned him persistently. Few of them were particularly enthusiastic about his project. It was not a year in which many of his generation were exploring the American past or approving its present. Most of them sympathized with the waves of anti-Americanism which the French were exhibiting. MacLeish was preoccupied with French poetry. Tom Chubb talked to Benét about the poem in 1927, and later admitted that he tried to dissuade his friend from a Civil War theme; Chubb argued that it was thoroughly unpromising both as to subject and success.

THE days slid by, sponged up by work and reading and the placid delights of a happy marriage and fulfilled parenthood. There were people and scenes to remind the Benéts pleasantly of the gaieties of their courtship and honeymoon in 1921 and 1922, yet the pattern of their lives now was very different from the conventional image of Americans abroad. Alice Lee Myers came in sometimes to sit with the children so they could go out for an evening; all their pleasures were similarly domestic. Their friends were mostly other married couples with young children — the McClures; Charles Child, the artist, and his wife; the Myerses; and the Moores — and McClure later remembered with nostalgia “the quiet evenings together *en famille*.”

Child once described their circle as composed of the handful of Americans in Paris who were not having marital difficulties. Moore read aloud the comic opera he was writing about contemporary America, with its refrain, “America *shall* be saved!” They played involved word games and admired one another’s children, and Benét began to put on weight alarmingly because Jeanne, Mrs. Lamont’s cook, did her job so well. “What a contrast,” McClure recalled, “between Steve’s Paris years and those of some other young American writers we knew at that time, notably Fitzgerald and Hemingway.”

Benét was immune to the anti-Americanism of some of the literary expatriates. He refused to be disturbed by the hostility of the French, who were excited alternately by the closing chapters of the Sacco-Vanzetti case and the recall of the war loans. When interviewers asked him later why he had gone to France to write an epic poem about the Civil War, Benét invariably replied, quite truthfully, that it was because living was cheaper there than at home.

Through Brandt they were invited to various literary cocktail parties, but Benét had had his fill in New York. He endured a single of Louis Bromfield’s celebrated luncheons and returned gladly to the Rue Jadin. The stable nature of his and Rosemary’s lives during this period, and the lives of most of their friends in Paris, was a confirmation of his beliefs about the permanence of American values. He had done Montmartre in the fall of 1920, and with immense enjoyment; now he enjoyed other pleasures, all of them of an essentially simple and familiar kind. “It takes more than traveling,” he explained later, “to make a man an expatriate.”

Benét read the expatriate magazines of the period, and he puzzled his way conscientiously through Gertrude Stein. He was linked to the avant-garde currents through his friendships with MacLeish and John Peale Bishop, both of whom he saw regularly. He valued and honored the work that the serious-minded members of that group were doing. So far as his nonliterary creed was concerned, however, his values and aspirations were more homely and in certain respects more durable.

It was an ideal state of mind in which to write a long poem celebrating the solidarity and permanence of the Union. “I hope it has in it,” Benét wrote Farrar in 1927, “some of the landscapes, sights, the sounds of the people which are American. I am tired, not of criticism of America, for no country can be healthy without self-criticism, but of the small railers, conventional rebels. We also have a heritage — and not all of it wooden money.”

Benét's passionate feelings about America had been partially concealed from him in New York. They had emerged during occasional periods of well-being, taking the form of the Sycamore and Whippoorwill ballads; then they were cloaked again for long periods by the pressures of Manhattan poverty and the offense of his fiction. In Paris the various stresses were removed. Both his emotional and his intellectual attachments to America were cultivated simultaneously, the one by the separation from his native country and by the version of America which he and his friends were living in Paris, the other by his reading in the national past. "Living abroad," he said in 1928, "has intensified my Americanism."

When Ethel Andrews visited them in Paris in the late winter of 1926 she heard Benét speak of these things. "I never realized how strongly I felt about the United States," he told her, "until now, living so long away from it."

Benét's work on the long poem was interrupted briefly by word from Mrs. Lamont that she would need the apartment. They moved during the Christmas holiday to suburban Neuilly. "This apartment is comfortable," Benét wrote his brother, "large and quiet and we have taken down the hand-painted oil picture of the assassination of St. Whoosis, and the alabaster bust of an unknown French lady of the presidency of Sadi-Carnot, and the two black memorial urns that erstwhile made the salon so tastefully French. My damn poem is getting ahead," he added briefly, "though every time I sit down to it I wonder if anyone else will ever be able to read it without falling asleep." By early March he was typing the third section. "Sometimes I think it is good," he wrote home, "& sometimes I wonder who will read it but the typesetter — but I shall finish it or explode in loud fragments of *Battles & Leaders of the Civil War*."

BY MID-APRIL, still visualizing twelve units, Benét had finished the fourth section. As he re-typed it he began to see the final structure more clearly. He moved the invocation from its original setting in the third section and revised it as a separate unit. He retitled the poem *John Brown's Body*, and now he decided on eight books rather than the dozen sections. He blended the finished groups so that by the late spring of 1927 three of the books were completed. Both his brother and Henry Canby wrote several times that they were anxious to publish any available fragments as soon as possible in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Benét was hesitant.

"Some of it could be printed separately, I think," he wrote Bill at the end of April, "though

I don't know how much — maybe the invocation or some of the John Brown part in particular. But I'm afraid the effect of the thing, if any, is a mass effect."

In early May he paused again to retype what he had done to date — one hundred and thirty-five pages — and to catch his breath. "It's a queer start," he wrote his brother, "& sometimes I think it will be the most colossal flop since Barlow's *Columbiad*." He mailed them the "Invocation," however. They used it immediately in a June, 1927, issue, the first public indication of what he had been working on for twelve months.

By then the Benéts had moved to the country for the summer. They rented a house at Bizy, fifty miles from Paris in southern Normandy. There was a tennis court up the hill which Stephen was invited to use, but instead he stayed on his nine-to-five schedule. "I am at present extinguished," he wrote Robert Nathan, "under the tall foolscap of this long poem." By the first of July he had finished the sixth book. He told Farrar that it would be completed by August, but cautioned him not to expect the manuscript until fall. "I'll have a lot of going over it to do," Benét explained.

Now the mail brought word of the excited reaction to the "Invocation." There were approving letters from readers and congratulations from friends and colleagues. A lady who was a friend of John Brown's grandniece wrote to say how much she was looking forward to the complete poem. "I'm afraid she will not greatly care for what I say about the old man," Benét told his brother. "He had his points but he was a queer proposition."

He finished the final book in mid-August and took a week off to visit his brother and Elinor Wylie in England. He returned to Bizy to begin the revisions and continued work on them after they moved back to Neuilly. For the next two months Benét worked over the manuscript without interruption. At the end of that time he told his brother it was finished and apologized for not writing since August. "I was sweating at John Brown's damn body whenever I had a minute, trying to get it off." He sent one copy to New York, for Brandt and Farrar, and the carbon to his parents. He asked his brother if he would read it in manuscript rather than wait for proofs.

"I am very anxious to see what you think of the whole bloody thing," he told Bill. "I am still too close to the damn thing to see the wood, if any, for the interminable array of trees. The bulk of it looks fairly impressive, just as bulk, but I don't know how it will strike as an evening's reading. I'm telling the family to send the carbon on to you, if you want it. It will look cleaner in the proof but then — well, you can see that I am

suffering from the usual pains of the afterbirth."

While he waited anxiously for the reaction to the manuscript — "biting my nails," he told Bill — Benét began to work on some short stories. His fellowship had been renewed in June for six months, to permit him to finish the poem, but the extension was almost up. "Mr. Guggenheim goes out of my life on January first," he wrote his brother, "and will be mourned with appropriate ceremonies."

His sense of obligation to the foundation was immense. He always emphasized that without its help he could never have written the poem. For the rest of his life he uncomplainingly read the numerous applications from other poets which Moe submitted to his judgment. "The Guggenheim fellowship," Benét told an interviewer in 1930, "provided me with leisure to write the sort of thing I felt was worth while, and I did so, not thinking of results." He was even more emphatic in private. "It damn near saved my life," he told Phelps Putnam.

Brandt read *John Brown's Body* over a weekend and sent Benét an enthusiastic cable on Monday morning. Bill Benét and Farrar were equally excited. Benét was pleased and relieved by their warmth, though wary of its extravagance. "Thanks inordinately for your letter," he wrote Bill. "Only I wish the book were that good." He was particularly encouraged by Farrar's judgment that the poem had unity.

"You lose the feel of the whole," Benét wrote back, "working on a thing of that size for so long, and can see nothing but the parts." He had scrupulously avoided discussing the poem as long as he was working on it. Now for an instant he was uncharacteristically communicative about his work.

"I tried to put America in it," he told Farrar, "at least some of the America I knew. If I did so, some of it should stand till a better man comes along. I feel rather curiously about it myself. I think my best work so far, perhaps, is in it and yet it is more detached from me than anything I have ever done. It seemed to me a thing of that sort should be tried. A poet of greater faculties would have avoided my failures in it and my superficialities — and there are many of both — but what I have done, I have done to the extent of such capacities as I have."

Benét was skeptical of some of Farrar's praise. "As for genius," he said, "I don't know — but it did take persistence. Incidentally, if any criticisms, either of details or the whole, do come to you, please tell me them. When that thing was finished, I felt as if I had given birth to a grand piano."

Farrar was anxious to set type immediately

from the manuscript. Benét, conscious of the mechanical difficulties of printing a long poem, reluctantly cabled permission. He insisted, however, that he had to be given an opportunity to read the galley proofs in detail. "There are a number of checks on actual facts and some revisions," he explained, "that nobody else could do for me. If I tried to do them now on the one old working copy I have — in which some of the corrections on yours are missing — it would take quite as long as sending galleys over and back and probably get into an awful tangle as regards page references etc. as well. Also it will be the greatest help in the world to me to see that thing actually in type — it changes the whole appearance of the poem and makes errors stick out like sore thumbs. So, if you will, send me the galleys when you have them, and I will get them back just as soon as I possibly can."

The galleys arrived in May, and he worked on them without interruption, knowing the urgency with which they were needed in New York. He persuaded Farrar to allow him a final check on the page proofs just before publication. "I have altered quite a number of lines," he wrote the editor, "and made some cuts and additions and tried to catch all the errors. Probably some have escaped me but I have tried to work so no important corrections will be necessary in the page proof."

He was very gloomy after he mailed the galleys. He had put in two years of the hardest kind of work, and now that it was done he felt a deadening sense of anticlimax. The last six months had been painful and exhausting, made difficult by the death of his father. He was convinced that the poem was a failure. "It's a damn shame to have wasted the Guggenheim money that way," he told a friend who visited them in Neuilly. "No one will read it."

FARRAR persuaded his friend Dorothy Canfield Fisher, one of the Book-of-the-Month Club's judges, to read the poem in proof. He sent Benét a copy of Mrs. Fisher's enthusiastic letter. Benét, still gloomy, was cautious.

"I am glad, of course," he wrote Farrar, after thanking him gratefully for the labor he was so clearly putting into the book, "that she seems to like J.B., but of course shan't count on anything from either of the book clubs until I read the advertisement in the papers, if then. The ways of all committees have always been a profound mystery to me and I have seen too many things of that sort fail to click at the last moment. And if I had all the money I might have made on flukes I'd

have broiled Rolls-Royces for breakfast. There is nothing like thirteen years of the so-called literary life for exploding Alnaschar's castles."

On June 14, however, Farrar's optimism was vindicated. "John Brown Book of Month for August," the cable to Neuilly read. "By next mail send us list critics friends associates who might be interested de luxe edition. Farrar." Benét was properly stunned. He frugally cabled a two-word acknowledgment — "Swell. Benét" — and then wrote Farrar a long letter. "Your cable arrived early in the morning," he told Farrar, "and I propped one eye open to read it. It left us quite breathless. I really did not expect such a thing, in my usual sour way, and was most pleasantly taken aback. That is swell. I know you must all have worked for it hard — you in particular — and my gratitude to you all is very genuine. I had of course envisaged the possibilities as I do of everything from sudden death to being adopted by a Rockefeller but was no less astonished for all that."

Although Benét was delighted by the success of his poem, he had no illusions that it was the artistic perfection which so many of its reviewers had maintained. "A long poem without a flaw," he said later, "has never been written." He did what he could to discourage its presentation as an epic. From the beginning he himself had used instead the word "cyclorama."

Farrar sent proofs of the poem to a number of prominent literary people, including E. A. Robinson. Robinson's letter about *John Brown's Body*, a copy of which the editor relayed to Benét, was, as the latter commented, "very Robinsonian." The older poet, severe and judicious as always, told Farrar that "parts of it are very fine and parts of it are as bad as possible." Robinson reconsidered the second adjective. "Bad isn't exactly the word, for Benét knows what he is doing. Mistaken might be a better word." He regretted that a poet of Benét's gifts had not taken more time.

"Of course I agree with the dictum," Benét told Farrar. "Poetry should be written in bronze. And I could have taken a couple more years to J.B. with advantage. But not, I think, with enormous advantage. I am not built that way. As it was I did my damndest to smooth out the roughest of the verse. But ten years' work could not have made some of the prosier passages much less prosy. The fault there is not only in me but in the nature of both subject and medium. As it is, I am content that he thinks some of it good. That is much from him."

With time Benét's own judgments on the poem became the most responsible ones. It survived, as he had predicted it would, on the basis of notable individual passages in each book and the cumulative effect of the whole. Later commentators

found intricacies of imagery and theme which had escaped the hasty reviewers; they found a grandeur of scope and a unity of narrative which its early detractors had denied. In the late summer of 1928, the response to the book had a range and warmth which had not occurred in American poetry for three generations. Readers of *John Brown's Body* reacted as American readers had not reacted since the publication of "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" in the 1850s. For the rest of his life they wrote Benét letters about the book, from every part of the country — and when he died, and afterward, they wrote his widow as if in mourning for a dear friend.

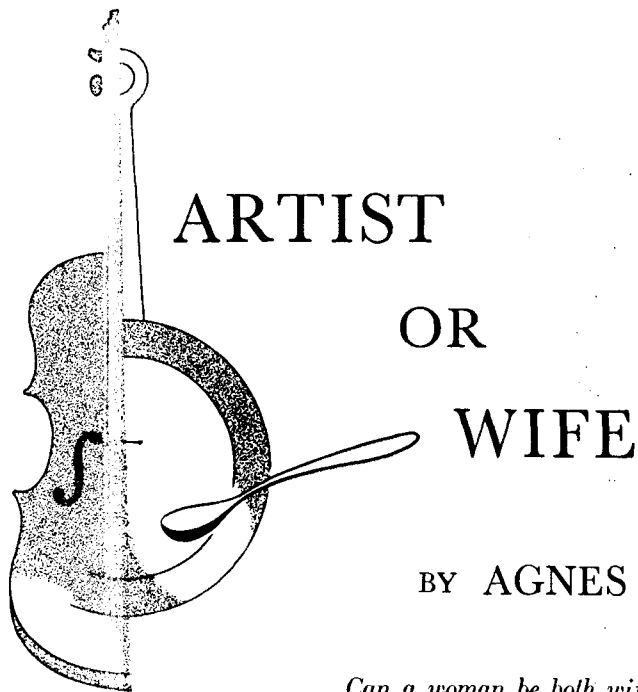
John Brown's Body brought Benét a great deal of money in 1928 and 1929 — about \$25,000 — and there rarely was a year thereafter when it didn't earn him from five hundred to a thousand dollars in book royalties alone. It made him a national figure at the age of thirty, known to thousands of Americans who knew the name of no other living American poet. He was alternately touched and exasperated by its enshrinement as an American classic.

"And there it is and could be worse," he wrote in 1941, when his publishers issued an annotated edition with footnotes and an editor's essay on the causes of the Civil War:

With notes and preface and the rest
And every kind of teacher's aid
To harry schoolboys into learning
The unpremeditated verse,
Written because the heart was hot
With quite a different kind of burning.
And that is the revenge of time,
And that, they say, the workman's pay.

It may be so, I wouldn't know.
I wrote it poor, in love, and young,
In indigestion and despair
And exaltation of the mind,
Not for the blind to lead the blind;
I have no quarrel with the wise,
No quarrel with the pedagogue,
And yet I wrote for none of these.

And yet there are the words, in print,
And should an obdurate old man
Remember half a dozen lines
Stuck in his mind like thistle seed,
Or if, perhaps, some idle boy
Should sometimes read a page or so
In the deep summer, to his girl,
And drop the book half finished there,
Since kissing was a better joy,
Well, I shall have been paid enough.
I'll have been paid enough indeed.



ARTIST

OR

WIFE

BY AGNES DE MILLE

Can a woman be both wife and artist, and if so at what cost?

The question ceased to be a theoretical one for AGNES DE MILLE in 1943, when at the height of her success as a choreographer she married Waller Prude, a lieutenant in the air force. Then the demands from Broadway began to vie with her responsibilities as an army wife, a conflict she has pointed up in her new book, AND PROMENADE HOME.

MEN have always been able to experience family and work together. It has been assumed that because of the greater emotional demands made on women, they could not have both, and they have hitherto been constrained to choose.

The fact that for millenniums all such desires have been arbitrarily suppressed in women proves nothing but the brutality of convention. In primitive and ancient cultures women were thought, because they were women and because they gave birth, to have special powers and were the preferred celebrants vital to certain life and death occasions.

Mastery in any field is attained by practicing what is valued at times of recognized importance. No genius, no matter what the field, is an unprecedented accident. There must be a need, an expectation and trust. Behind Sappho was a long line of honored female poet-composers, the last supremely great female composers in the history of music. She was the culmination of a tradition, and it is instructive to note that Sappho was not only by contemporary accounts (which are all we have of her, since the music has been lost) the greatest of her profession but that she was a good wife and mother and that her social reputation within her community and during her lifetime was exemplary. It was a century later that the boys in Athens started a whispering campaign of personal defamation which reinforced a grow-

ing legend that any woman who dedicated herself to art must be a freak, that artistic creativity was compensation for lack of creativity in more natural and suitable functions. This myth was not based on fact, or on any larger understanding of women's capacities or happiness, but directly on men's convenience. Women have at last, to their terrible cost, come to accept this view. It suited their men. And they understandably wanted to suit their men.

As the conviction took hold, and woman began to think of herself as not only different but inferior, she gradually lost her function of a necessary ritual voice in the community. Where is she, for instance, in the Christian church? In the Hebraic? The Muslim, Hindu, or Shinto? On her knees with her head covered up and her mouth shut, removed at a prophylactic distance from the high altar and all sacred vessels. In our church, women have been considered from Old Testament times unclean, a moral and ritualistic hazard. The very functions and powers that primitive religions cherished here betray her. Women from the end of the first century A.D. have not been allowed to officiate in the church, build or design the church, compose or write for the church; perform in the church, or even for some hundreds of years sing as lay members of the congregation. "Woman was represented [by the early church fathers]," writes Lecky, "as the

door of hell, as the mother of all human ills. She should be ashamed at the very thought that she is a woman. She should live in continual penance, on account of the curses she had brought upon the world."

Consecrated women — that is, women whose every female function had been exorcised, neutralized — were permitted certain holy or clerical offices, but always secretly and behind bars. At one period the unsterilized were forbidden to sing anywhere at all, even over their slop pails and washboards. But this restriction could not long prevail. Women's natural rejoicing while scrubbing floors and cleaning out the garbage was not to be restrained, and they gave tongue to their enthusiasm. But only domestically. The church doors remained shut to women except at a most terrible price: the dedication of their entire lives, private floorwashing and all.

And many thought the cost slight. For among other attractions, the church provided the only art experience the average person, male or female, could know. During the Dark Ages its vast projects exploited all the talents available in any community. Throughout eight hundred years of endowed scholarship it developed the many arts it could use. But the arts it could not use — chiefly dancing — withered. No ecclesiastical or ritual choreography was composed, nor was any method of dance notation evolved, as unquestionably would have been done had the holy fathers wished to preserve any visual ceremonial. The artists the church was permitted to use — that is, men — achieved great works. The artists it was not — what became of them? Barred up. Barred out. Wasted. Lost.

STIMULATED by religious sanctions, the average husband and father placed even harder and more cruel blocks in the path of women's imaginative expression. By persuading themselves and their wives that no woman could devote time to anything but her husband and household without moral treason, they managed to discourage undomestic yearnings. Men wanted their wives womanly; by that was meant, we gather, they wanted them steadfast, attentive, enthusiastic, enduring — most certainly enduring — and serene; and by serene was meant that the women were to have no doubts about men's judgments and no disturbing inclinations of their own, a concept successfully implemented by a child a year — usually a convincer. Sixteen children without benefit of pediatrician, nursery school, or corner drugstore guaranteed attentiveness.

The women who were at the head of a great

household were in a position of considerable influence: they administered battalions of servants; they supervised the many domestic industries which supplied virtually everything used in daily life and which had to be made on the premises; they ran dispensaries for whatever medicine was needed; they arbitrated and organized and instructed. They did not, therefore, have much leisure, and any free time there was they devoted to husband and children and not to idle flights of fancy.

The women had no doubt great satisfaction in being necessary and effective and may well have been both serene and content; we have not heard otherwise. The important point is that we have not heard. They were speechless. The experience of rearing families, which was the universal lot of all lay women, did not find in seventeen centuries a single authentic female statement.

Nor did any of the men speak up. Men have sung about acres of pearly breasts, snowy throats, and bee-bruised lips, but about the service, companionship, and character of his helpmeet, not one word. Until the Victorian era the sharer of bed and bosom remained "my wife, poor wretch!" Consciously or unconsciously, women have lived for hundreds, for thousands of years with the belief that their happiness lay in serving God wholly or in serving husband and children wholly. Thus by religious sanction and matrimonial reinforcement the great taboo was fixed in our mores.

For over a thousand years woman's chief creative expression was restricted to the statements of saints and visionaries locked behind walls, special in nature, in no way representative of ordinary woman, her passions or fate.

Outside the safety of the church most transgressors against the social code paid dearly for their defiance with loss of caste and with cruel personal restrictions. Only lower-class women were permitted to embroider or paint, the two being considered of an equally artisan nature. Certain pretty outcasts were permitted to sing or act, although there were long periods of interdiction against even depraved women doing either. But within and without the cloister the usual price of self-expression for intellectual or well-born women was the forfeit of sexuality.

As late as the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when gentlewomen began to have what we would consider professional careers, the majority remained spinsters. The married few took husbands late when the pattern of their minds had been firmly set, like Elizabeth Barrett and George Eliot. The exception that leaps to mind is, of course, George Sand, but it must be

remembered that if she had many lovers, she found by her own admission lasting happiness with no one; she remained ill-mated and lonely throughout.

And as one considers the great names of the last two centuries, certain facts become apparent: many worked semisecretly under male pseudonyms; few married, fewer still bore children; very nearly all were sick, flat on their backs as often as not.

And what kind of art did these rebellious lonely people produce? Except in two fields, not the best. There were among them a few lyric poets not comparable to the greatest men, a few second-class painters, no architects, until very recently no sculptors, not one single first-rate composer excepting the nuns Kassia, Mechtild, and Hildegard, whose work their church did not think fit to preserve but who left a tremendous contemporary reputation.

This is a fairly frightening history. It matters not a whit how you educate a girl, what techniques or attitudes you teach her. If she knows that her men will not welcome her talents, she is going to proceed timidly. Put any gifted child at the keyboard, train her, exhort her six hours a day, but let it be borne in on her that there never has been in recorded music a first-rate female composer, that no man will consider her work without condescension, and, worst of all, that within herself she may provoke conflicts that she cannot hope to surmount, and you may get results, but they won't be Beethoven.

This has been wasteful for art, cruel for the women, and unhelpful to the men, because they have been persuaded to build up their pride of manhood on assumptions that were bound to give way the moment that women found the restraints served no good purpose and need not be endured.

TODAY women know almost as much freedom as in pagan antiquity, and turn eagerly to the arts, but to only three with promise of supreme success:

First, now as before, and always, to the performing careers, where in spite of long periods of interdiction and censure they have managed consistently to excel. Second, to creative storytelling and prose, in which they hold their own with the best. And third, to choreography. In this field they have practiced without restriction. No man ever barred the way here because no man thought highly enough of the business to keep women out, as he had done from so many august, holy, or honorable occupations.

The Christian church had proscribed dancing,

and it was utterly without dignity, cut off from all serious motivation, the sources of ancient meaning and glory. The Christian church was the first great church to do this. So strongly had dancing been involved in all previous worship that it took more than one thousand years to root it out of the Catholic service (a good deal longer than it took to root women out). But it was at last eradicated, and the church is poorer for the loss; the effect on dancing has been disastrous. For two thousand years dancing and dancers have struggled under religious and social censure more formidable than that placed on any activity except sin itself — and sex.

Dancing nevertheless remains the germinal art, the mother of theater and all other arts, in an anthropological sense the mother of the church. And it is in this ancient medium that those members of the community debased from proper participation in more honored practices have served a quickening purpose. The rejected art and the rejected artist meet here in apt congress. Here woman is despised for her trade and not for her sex, and there is all the margin between success and failure in this differentiation. It has been the women who have transfigured not only the art, but the point of view and purpose of its practitioners, its status and relation to other arts and to the community. Dancing is the only art where women have functioned to such crucial purpose, but it is the only art where they have not worked in the teeth of universal doubt.

There have been great male choreographers: Noverre, Bournonville, Petipa, Fokine, Massine, Balanchine, Ashton, Tudor. I think one must truthfully report that the greatest have been men. But there has been no artist in a class with Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Goethe, or Bach. Indeed, to rank any choreographer with these seems like impertinent hyperbole. Nor have there been any male figures comparable in dynamism and originality to Isadora Duncan, Martha Graham, or Mary Wigman.

The very handicaps and limitations which have frightened away gifted men work to woman's advantage. Here her training and habits stand her in good stead. Here even her body is helpful. Anonymity has been her history. She is at home in an art without literature, without past or future. She has never hoped beyond today and tomorrow — or much beyond the door of her house. Are not her daily efforts spent on evanescence? Cooking, washing, watching, caring, each day erasing the labors of the day before as each gesture erases from the air its precedent? And as every day's work must start afresh in endless repetition, so each dance begins clean with no record. The dancer enters space

without a guiding mark, and the pattern is rehearsed and leaves no sign — no sign except the exchange between living people, the relationship established, if only once and never again. The patience for this is woman's special endowment. She is aware that there is no substitute for the breath of life; that it is unique and personal; that the unduplicated action, the unrepeated speech, the gesture or word thrown away or heard by few or only once may be as important as any public message. She remembers that the source is inexhaustible; that it is the moment of life that counts, the rebirth; that again and again and again the dancer jumps and runs, and when he falls, another, by vital invitation, leaps out. This, woman understands. This is the stuff of her life.

WOMEN today comprise nearly one third of our total working force — many thousands of them in the arts — but the ones that turn to dancing do so still for the antique reasons: power and Dionysian release on their own terms.

Dancing ranks with women's oldest professional careers, religious dedication and prostitution. It is inextricably related to both. First as priestess, then as prostitute, then as theater performer, the dancer found a way of winning fortune, an excuse from household slavery and enforced seclusion.

Dancing has always been fruitful in its effects of direct fulfillment and satisfaction, and today the appeal is, as before, spellbinding through the body. It is not the concomitants of theatrical success that draw young girls so much as the vision of becoming generically *dancer* in the permitted dress, exposed legs, free and floating arms, aerial skirt. I think they want this because it produces effects of transformation as recompense for all they find insupportable in woman's traditional lot.

Dancing inflames and exercises the senses of the viewer (hence its long connection with prostitution) and of the performer (hence its long connection with religion). It is a physical release as no other performing art can be, because it is practiced on the whole body; the body is the instrument, the medium itself, and the exposure is total and voluptuous. Therein lies the clue to its compulsive lifelong hold. It can become more frequently than not a substitute for physical sex, and it has all too often been chosen as a vocation because woman's life, sexually speaking, has become in our civilization unsatisfactory, uncertain, and expensive to the individual.

In what way, then, is dancing a solution? Briefly, it guarantees satisfaction and control to

people who are afraid they will not otherwise know them. A dancer can do more than pray or hope; she takes matters into her own hands.

Every girl has known from time immemorial that she had better have a dowry or looks, and if she possessed neither, there was usually nothing for her but to be family drudge or enter the church, where God could be counted on to overlook what husbands would not. On her appearance still depends in large measure her chance for a good marriage and children, for a continuing sex life, for a high income. Numbers of ill-favored women have succeeded to the physical rewards of life, it is true, but it is in spite of handicap and by exercising faculties not demanded of the more handsomely endowed. Age and appearance, therefore, are important, particularly in any situation where women outnumber men.

Doctors assure us that any feeling of inferiority induced by physical appearance, short of mutilation, is in reality a symptom of a deeper conflict, and that the truly beautiful are as capable of self-doubt as the plain. This may be so, but it is not the prevailing popular understanding. A woman's age has always been important because her value has been reckoned chiefly as a breeding animal, and fecundity determined her economic status. This is happily no longer so.

Youth and physical beauty, nevertheless, are still held up before us as a promise, and have been in legend, story, and song. We are told and we believe — women more than men — that to win love, but, more imperatively, to retain love, we must be beautiful. It is a terrifying threat. And it faces us on every billboard, magazine page, screen, stage, shopwindow and, yes, even on the pages of every nursery picture book, because the princess was always beautiful or became so. And as we grew up, we accepted the idea more and more. Mother's friends always spoke of "the fine little boy" or "the son," but it was "the pretty little girl," and if that adjective was omitted and the word "dear" substituted, we became sensible of something hurt or slightly damaged and needing special tenderness.

Woman's best approach to happiness, we learn on all sides, is the quick rousing of men's erotic interest, and the advertisements are explicit as to what rouses men. It can be bought in a bottle, and it is quite expensive but well worth the price. Five of the largest businesses in the United States — cosmetics, ladies' clothing and accessories, furs, jewelry, both real and false, women's magazines — have sprung from the premise that romance follows beauty and that beauty can be purchased. The young woman is advised to make herself lovely and then lie around like a kind of bait, and she is warned that

only after the trap has successfully sprung can she satisfy her own inclinations.

Now, for many young people this is a dismaying proposition. A girl may very well feel she cannot make the grade; she may also feel fundamentally outraged in having her life controlled by someone else's tastes, implying, as it does, a passivity which she may interpret as helplessness.

THE fact is many women do not favor being passive, are downright frightened by it, having witnessed centuries of results. Young girls see quite a lot of women, particularly mothers, and often they are not enchanted. They see mothers tied to housework who would prefer not to spend their days sweeping and cooking. They see mothers and older sisters doing jobs and chores which are considered more menial and less important than fathers' jobs and that bring in no money. It is father who has the cash for his freedom; mother must ask. Indeed, mother has almost no freedom at all to speak of. Mothers are always at the call of other people's needs and desires. Their daughters find little charm in the pattern. They would like to be free to please themselves, forever children, unless they might grow up to some of the freedom of father. But growing up for a woman, as they observe, seems to mean less freedom, and no guarantee of happiness. And so some of them, the dancers, never grow up.

Very few dancers develop the bodies of mature women; they keep lean in the hips and flat-breasted, a phenomenon remarked on by all costume designers. It is also a fact that the greatest performers, the women best capable of communicating sensuous satisfaction, are in their bodies least sensual. In effect they have sacrificed all organs of personal fulfillment and maintain and cherish only the means for public satisfaction, the system of bones and sinews for levitation and propulsion. The ballet foot and leg, which when used to its full capacity can evoke an almost physical response, is in repose as tight and straight as the leg of a mule. Certain great soloists have been lacking in even primary sexual functions and are known to have menstruated rarely in their lives. For the rest, very many, possibly a majority, are partially frigid, and most tend to be, in spite of legend, more chaste than otherwise. I do not mean to imply that they are not passionate and gallant, but that certain deep rejections and fears prevent easy sexual release. The majority of American women are, it is claimed by medical statistics, partially frigid, and perhaps dancers no more than others. In any case, the

dancers have evolved a substitute expression and do not mind the state so bitterly. This, of course, is no good answer to the fear of life. But it is an instinctive and practical one.

Even Isadora Duncan, who clamored the loudest for love, was no exception. She was a true sensualist, and she seems to belie in the richness of her experience all I have argued about women's substitution of dancing for life. But consider her point of view repeatedly expressed: she vowed when very young never to submit to woman's usual fate, never to marry — that is, never to put herself or her fortune into any man's keeping — to bear children if and when she pleased, to leave them or look after them at whim, to be absolutely free and to remain so. She wished to have the freedom of a pagan as she imagined it, for she recognized love as a transient ecstasy. The communion on which marriage is built she never, I believe, envisaged, nor constancy, security, fruition — these being the rewards of the female life she scorned. She followed a dream, power without responsibility, release without cost. And her way of attainment was the cultivation of her body. The littlest ballet pupil in first position before the mirror is starting on the same historic path.

For in dancing the face matters least and the body is beautiful if it functions beautifully. It is not the shape of the leg but the use of the leg that tells. Furthermore, and most felicitously, the beautiful use changes the flesh and corrects all manner of imperfections. Contrary to maxims, one can by taking thought add a cubit to stature. When a dancer stands before a mirror, she no longer sees what her big brothers see, but a promise. If her nose turns up or down, no matter: men will gasp at the carriage of her head. If she is fat, she will get thin. If she is thin, the muscles of her back and thighs will enable her to move like a voluptuary. And who is to say or who cares what she is, whether this or that, if she stands in the center of a stage in the revealing and beautiful uniform of her trade, escorted by the best cavalier in the business, who has forfeited the right to refuse her and must take her if she is the best — not the prettiest, mind you, but the best and the most skillful. And there for all to see, in public, she will perform with him the ritual of romantic courtship. More than in any other art, there are enormous rewards as regards direct attention, admiration, emotional release, and they remain always under the performer's command. She never surrenders her will. She gets her rewards directly by her own effort. There need be no intermediary — and for any female who doubts her powers this is a temptation of frightening persuasiveness.

Dancing represents sex in its least costly form, free from imprisonment and free to a great extent from emotional responsibility, and, above all, as a sure thing, independent of someone else's pleasure. In other words, it means freedom *from* sex. The forces which impelled women to the austerity of the church operate to form the great dancer. In a strange transmutation dancing is a form of asceticism — almost a form of celibacy.

Is, THEN, the aesthetic impulse rooted in neurosis and unable to develop except under the compulsion of pain? Are these brutal disciplines and forfeits necessary to creative effort? The ancients did not rely on any such goads and, notwithstanding, their art flourished. The restraints we place on women creators could well be accidental to our culture, of no great profit to the individual or the work, but, rather, destructive to both. I believe this to be the case and that the genius with which certain women write or paint or compose or choreograph derives from faculties and needs beyond any mere act of compensation. I believe that talent is compounded of the entire personality and is as much a sign of exuberant health as of sickness. But the bewitchment of hundreds of thousands, of millions of girls by the dream, by even the discipline, of dancing cannot be called creativity or even vocation. It is escape, it is protest and, in large part, hysterical protest. For a time it serves the art form well, but only for a time. In the working conditions of our world and theater the dedicated ones are forced under emotional whips to greater and greater effort. But there is a limit. The personality ceases to expand, ceases to breathe, in certain aspects it withers, and this is reflected in a stunting of the art. The audience is always aware.

An act of suppression that cancels out emotional or imaginative life, the one at the cost of the other, is obviously wasteful. With either choice a major section of the personality is wrecked, and all human relations, in marriage and out, must suffer.

A dancer's release, like most magic, is transient and won each time by renewed and arduous effort. Dancing has become consequently a kind of sexual limbo whose inhabitants identify their own flesh with their purpose, a confusion not equally true for women artists whose bodies are not their lifework. Dancing is, in a deep sense, the only physical union many of these women know, a sort of automarriage. And as with all such narcissistic unions, there develops an aura of melancholy and the promise of death. Many a young dancer has drowned in the mirrors before

which she spends her life. The others live only when the reflection from the audience fans breath back into their emptying spirits.

Whatever rewards the dancer knows in place of the usual emotional and sexual associations, she is frequently assailed by doubts in her late twenties or early thirties. Even the very great know these morbid spells. The needs of the heart cannot be cheated forever. The dancer grows frightened. The dancer realizes suddenly she is a spinster and aging, no matter how fast she gets around the room. The life of merciless effort, the dimming chances of permanent fame, exhaustion, and the growing comprehension of what old age means to a fading athlete without family or home suddenly terrify even the stanchest. The conviction grows that the sacrifice has been too much and perhaps not necessary. There is many a *volte-face* at this point and a marriage with at least one child in a frantic effort to put life back on balance.

But our theater is not set up for family life; dancing in particular is conditioned by worldwide touring, uncertain irregular seasons, and precarious pay. Our dancers are not protected wards of the state with guaranteed salaries and pensions. The married dancer is called upon to relinquish jobs that would further her career and settle for domesticity against professional interest. Many do this serenely and good-naturedly; this is nothing more than the problem of reconciling life and art, which is present with all workers, but in a dancer's case, particularly for women, it is final. She may consider the exchange worth the price either way. She may not and live in perpetual conflict.

It is astonishing under the circumstances that none of these factors deters young girls one whit. Five million of them in this country alone are studying to be professional dancers. Perhaps this is so because women today, even dancers, cannot bring themselves to accept these conditions as permanent. They see no reason why they should not have both work and family, what with Deep-freeze, Waring Blendor, and diaper service. They believe also with all their hearts and hopes — because it suits them so to believe — that sweet reasonableness and a sense of fair play will dissolve the major block to the double life: their husbands' attitude.

Marriage is difficult with any artist. "A man does not love a woman for her genius; he loves her in spite of her genius," writes Maurice Goudekot, the husband of Colette. Marriage is perhaps hardest of all with a theater personality, because the work is not wholly under the control of the individual. Dancers above all do not make easy wives. The union has to run a gamut

of conflicting loyalties. A dancer's husband has to share his wife's discipline. His life is as curtailed as hers and quite literally by hers. Most men, particularly men outside of the profession, find such conditions onerous.

But the unrest is general and pertains to all careers and all classes of society. Preachers, doctors, and teachers warn; magazine and newspaper editorialize. The women's magazines are particularly explicit: if the wife has to work outside the home she must never let it impinge on her husband's schedule, and if inside the home she must see that it is finished and put away before he comes back from his own work, and she must never for one moment let him think that hers is important compared with his, or his interests and hobbies and needs. And for this reason and because it will be construed as a direct reflection on his virility, she must not earn more money. He will develop ulcers, sinuses, abscesses, tuberculosis. He will borrow the classic symptom of women's frustration, the bitter, black headache, and although women's magazines do not care to name this, he will add one of his own: partial or total impotence, which is a form of suicide and just as unanswerable. He may in the end leave her.

If the women do not depend on their men as their grandmothers did, the men similarly manage to do without them. It has become a game of mutual attrition played out on a level where both are pitifully defenseless. Medical statistics and divorce courts list the ruin. The suicide rate among men, the alcoholism, the excesses of sedation and narcotics, the growing overt homosexuality, the juvenile neurosis and delinquency attest to the monumental cost of the emotional adjustment. This is the "furious and lamentable region" that Conrad speaks of, "the dwelling place of unveiled hearts" where there is neither right nor wrong but only human suffering.

Woman has always accepted with grace, with pride and satisfaction, her husband's interests and achievements, taking joy, taking not in any way a sense of diminution and shame. Can the husband endure to learn this? Does he wish to? Will he not rather attempt to put things back as they were, stuffing all hopes, ambitions, and zests not centered on himself into the family cupboard and setting his back to the door? Indeed, indeed, things cannot go back. Pandora's box is opened. The girls are earning money.

It is of no consequence who works better, men or women; it is important that each work differently and that each be allowed to try without penalties. "Never destroy any aspect of personality," said my grandmother George, who had no career except caring for her family, "for what you think is the wild branch may be the heart of the tree." Not all women want a double life. But those who do should not be denied on the grounds of sex. It is not easy to be a devoted wife and mother and a first-class artist; it is equally hard to be an artist with no root experience in life. It is impossible to be a good wife or a wise mother embittered, balked, and devoured by inner energies. Creative exercise can be disciplined to a household schedule — not easily, but women everywhere prove it can be done. For when all faculties are exercised, the enormous releases of strength and satisfaction more than make up for the extra attention demanded. Extra attention? No, rather, elimination of waste and repining. The alternation of diaper washing and composing spell one another in mutual refreshment. Ask any responsible working mother. And the children will reflect the zest and energy of the parent's life. And as to the work, how it flourishes! How it flowers and expands! Even under discipline, perhaps particularly under discipline, because it is voluntary and joyful, because the sources of life are fulfilled and replenished, and because, as in all things, the greater the range of accomplishment, the greater the capacity for more.

I think this is what Isadora Duncan meant when she spoke of founding a new religion: the total release of women's hearts, the total use of their gifts.

Women have bent to the yoke, and the scars of their durance are upon their children. But with the lessening of all social and religious restrictions, with widening economic opportunities, with practical invention bringing ease and leisure, there stands between woman and whatever life she yearns for only one barrier: her husband's good will. Failing this, she fails all. She must have his blessing, his pride in her achievement. Let him dower her with this and there will come the great works for which we have waited so long. But beyond and beneath there will come happiness.

It is an act of recognition that is needed, an act of love.



An Atlantic "First"

ROBERT A. RORIPAUGH

As an undergraduate and postgraduate at the University of Wyoming, ROBERT A. RORIPAUGH worked on his writing under the stimulating direction of the poet Joseph Langland. Drafted into the army in 1953, Mr. Roripaugh served a year in Japan, and his nostalgia for that country has taken him back there twice since.

The Peach Boy

THE evening before Bill Reno was to return to the States, he changed into civilian clothes after chow and walked out of the barracks just as the sun, disappearing behind the concrete wall on the west end of camp, splashed orange across the company street. After showing his pass to the MP in the guard shack, Reno followed the sidewalk which ran beside the barbed-wire-topped wall. Cherry trees along the road were in bloom with their pink flowers thinly outlined on blue sky. He crossed a patch of sidewalk where an old farmer was sweeping up wheat which he had placed over the hot concrete that afternoon to separate the seed from the hulls. A few grains of wheat crumbled beneath Reno's feet. As he passed the wall at the end of camp, he could see a perfectly green expanse of young barley waving a little in the slight breeze. Beyond this field, dark blue mountains appeared as flatirons stuck up into the sunset.

At the edge of town a bus passed him on the dirt road; the dust swirled around and drifted across the road, obscuring even the mountains like some dirty eclipse before finally settling. A humped old man pulled a heavy cart around him and moved jerkily past on the rocky road. By the old man's side, a rust-colored dog strained against the harness fastened to one corner of the cart. Kimono-clad women, bent into obtuseness from the weight of babies bundled to their backs, shuffled slowly down the edge of the road near a field of mulberry

plants, and bicycle riders rang their bells in warning as they pedaled around the women.

Reno could smell the damp odor of Japan — a mixture of humid earth and excrement. After a year here, he still wasn't used to it. But you're going home, tomorrow, he thought. And the army will become an unpleasant dream, the country a memory of sights and smells. Tomorrow when the truck taking him to the processing center moved under the arched gate of the camp, he would start to forget. The stupidity of the army . . . lonely nights at camp . . . the mess officer who sold part of the post's rations on the black market . . . the hare-lipped sergeant who yelled obscenities at his platoon . . . the Japanese bands dragging through American dance numbers at the EM Club on Saturday night . . . picking up cigarette butts around the NCO quarters. Tomorrow he would start to forget about everything.

Reno cut across the yard in front of a Shinto temple where a crumbling stone lion grinned down at him with long fangs. Barelegged children were bouncing a ball against a wooden wall near the temple. They cried shrilly as they fought for possession of each rebound, but paused to stare with intense brown eyes until he was out of sight.

As Reno passed a small fish shop, an old woman was washing in a copper pan by the side of the house. Her face was shriveled up like a piece of dried meat, and she silently watched him with

Drawing by Richard C. Jones.

the knife edges of her eyes. Reno could smell the fish and a more pleasant odor of steaming rice.

Farther on, a broad fence ran into a maze of little wooden shops and stores which seemed to cling to the edge of the dirt street. Reno turned through a gap in the boards and walked past a garden overgrown with shrubs and stunted trees.

Reno stepped out of his shoes before climbing onto the wooden walkway which led to the stairs. As it was mealtime, this part of the house was quiet, but when he started to climb the stairs he could hear wooden clogs on pavement and the voices of children playing on the street in front of the house. When he reached the end of the upstairs hallway, he pushed open the paper-covered sliding door. He could see Toyako kneeling on the mat floor near the back window of the large room. She was wearing a gray kimono. Her hair was swept up on top of her head, which gave her oval face a look of forced maturity. The room was almost bare except for a short-legged table in its center. Two quart bottles of Japanese beer and some glasses were on the table.

Usually Toyako ran quickly to greet him when he came back from camp, but tonight she watched silently as he slid the door closed behind him. She pointed out the window at the tile roof where two crows had begun to quarrel. One of them had a twisted, crippled wing which flopped behind it like a useless crutch. Its beak gaped open to expose the blue-black tongue. More crows spiraled from the trees onto the roof to attack the cripple with raucous croaks and driving wings.

Toyako rose from the floor to watch the crows from the window. "They don't like sick crow," she said, "so they try to kill."

The tangled, squalling mob flapped across the roof with wings drumming against tile until the injured crow was forced to plummet off the edge onto the ground below, where it was followed by the attackers.

Toyako moved away from the window and knelt down by the table. She opened a bottle of beer and filled the two glasses.

"The crow will die soon," she said. She drank from the glass of beer and then began to laugh softly, almost under her breath, as though crooning to herself. "Crow is a sign that something's going to die, Reno."

Reno swallowed a glass of the slightly warm beer. When he placed his empty glass on the table top, a fly sluggishly dived into the glass and clung to the sticky surface. He brushed it out with his finger. "No one's going to die, Toyako. Every day you see many crows and no one dies."

"Something dies all the time, Reno. During the war many people died here. Always there were crows." She poured beer carefully into their two

glasses. "At first I get scared, but after a few times bombs never mattered. I just stood and watched B-29s and bombs falling. Oh, sometimes they were very pretty."

Reno raised his glass and sipped at the beer. Outside the children's voices sounded urgent and close in the evening quiet. Tomorrow, he thought. Tomorrow you will start to forget about this girl too. They had lived together for six months in this room, yet he didn't understand her: often her thinking seemed as strange as the catlike cast to her heavy-lidded eyes or the songs she liked to sing while cooking his supper in the kitchen below. She had helped him hold on to his sanity, but he didn't really need her. He didn't really need anyone. The army had taught him that.

Toyako began to talk quietly again. "During wartime the planes came in very low, just over the mountains like sea birds. Many bombs fell and everywhere people die. All down this street there is blood, Reno." She sighed softly and then began to laugh. "But now I have lived with American soldier. Don't you think funny?"

"Many girls live with soldiers," he said. "They like to have money to buy food and good clothes, and a soldier needs a woman." It was as though he were trying to justify it to himself now, rather than to her. "Many girls need money for their families," he said.

"Of course," Toyako said. "Soldiers come to Japan and live with girls. Soon soldiers gone and then more soldiers come to Japan. Then like trains again gone. Many girls wait at station and one train leaves for trip to the States. Soon another train comes and brings more boys."

"Maybe it's like that," Reno said. "Are you going to wait at the station when I leave?"

Toyako just watched his face and did not answer at first. Then she laughed and raised her glass. "Compie, Reno," she said. "To wonderful journey to the States." She quickly drank her beer.

FROM outside in front of the house came the sound of drumbeats. Reno stood up and in his bare feet crossed the mat flooring to the window. A small man in an old woolen army uniform with ragged puttees had begun to march up one side of the street. He looked into the houses, tapped the drum with a long stick, turned, and marched the near side of the street. As he passed under the window, three little girls clattered from nearby houses to follow the drum. When the old man reached the end of the block, almost a dozen children were crowded around his bicycle-drawn cart parked on the sidewalk.

With thin arms moving rapidly, the old man dis-

tributed candy sticks from the drawers of the cart and clinked the copper yen pieces into a wooden box. The children squatted along the wall of the building opposite the cart. They quietly licked their candy sticks while watching the old man set up a frame of picture slides on top of the cart. When the first frame was in place, he began the story. He had fastened his drum on top of the cart behind the frame, and as he explained each picture he would beat the drum in accompaniment.

"He is telling about Momotaro-san, the Peach Boy," Toyako said. "It is a famous story. He is showing them the picture of the poor woodcutter and his wife who lived alone in the mountains."

The old man tapped on the drum and changed the slide with his incredibly thin arm.

"Now the old woman is washing her clothes in the stream and a large peach is washed down the stream," Toyako said. "It is maybe this big, Reno." She indicated the size of the peach with her arms that looked pale yellow in the evening light. "When they got the peach home, the old people worked very hard to split it open, and a small, cute boy walked out."

Below, in the street, the story man was holding up one of the smaller children to show his audience the size of the Peach Boy. Then the children stared at the wonderful picture of the boy crawling out of the huge peach.

"The parents are very happy now because their new son is healthy and very good. Oh, yes, Reno, all the animals and birds like to come around him for he is so gentle." The old man tapped softly on the drum.

"The Peach Boy grew up to be strong, and one day he heard about a valley where many bad devils were making trouble for the farmers." Outside the drum began to beat rapidly and the children were shouting in their shrill, strangely thin voices.

"The Peach Boy's mother made him special food and he went to the deep-in-mountain place where the devils live. On the way he met a monkey, a pheasant, and a dog. They want to eat the food the Peach Boy is carrying, so they go with him to fight the devils."

Reno could hear the children clapping their hands at the picture of the Peach Boy and his animal friends.

"When they got to the devils' country, there was much trouble," Toyako said, "but the monkey opened the gate to their house, and the pheasant pecked at their eyes, and the dog bit their feet. Oh, there was a very big fight."

The story man was putting the last picture into the frame. He wove his stick in the air before the children as he finished telling the story.

"The Peach Boy won the fight," Toyako said.

"All the devils promised to become very kind farmers and they gave the Peach Boy much gold. The picture shows devils helping him carry gold to his parents' country."

Outside, the story man took down his pictures, tied his drum tightly to the side of his cart, and pedaled the bicycle slowly off down the street. The children watched the cart disappear and then, shouting excitedly, they ran off to play. Soon the street was quiet again.

Toyako turned away from the window. "Tomorrow you go back to the States. Why do you go back to the States, Reno?" She knelt by the table. "Many soldiers stay here if they have girl friends." She rocked gently back and forth from the waist up. In the fading light she looked quite small. "Why must you leave our house here?" she asked.

WHEN the ship left Yokohama, Reno was crowded against the railing on the side of the ship which lay against the dock. The army band was playing, and everyone was shouting wildly. A small crowd of people had gathered against the wall of the dock's warehouse. Two or three Japanese girls were waving to boy friends on the ship and attempting to call out their good-bys. The soldiers closest to the edge of the ship's railing yelled obscenities at them.

A small girl dressed in a blue suit walked slowly out from the railroad station near the dock. She was looking up at the men who lined the rail of the ship. She was dressed very carefully, but in her high-heeled shoes she looked like a doll that a child had prepared for a make-believe party.

"Good-by, Slant-eyes," someone yelled at her. "Somebody else can wear his kimono."

Reno wondered whose girl friend she was. She looked a little like Toyako, which made him vaguely unhappy. As she walked along the side of the ship, she held her bottom lip between her teeth as she searched the faces of the men on board. Many soldiers waved or called out to her, but her eyes moved through and past them as she walked along the deck. The tugboats had started to move the ship out toward the bay, and the band began to play more loudly. As the ship moved away, the girl stood very quietly and waved once. Reno watched her change from the still figure of a girl into a patch of blue color, and finally into a small dot. At last he could barely see the outline of the dock; the girl was no longer real, and the country shrank into a wood-block print.

All afternoon the ship sailed along the coast. When the sun set that evening, Reno could see the trees on the steep little mountains turning into purple. The lights in the occasional houses along the



CIRCUIT ANALYST



BRAKE SEALER



PHYSICAL CHEMIST



MACHINIST



LABORATORY ASSISTANT



MANAGER, FINANCE



TOOLMAKER



DRAFTSMAN



GENERAL MANAGER
CHEMICAL DEVELOPMENT



ASSEMBLER



DIE REPAIRMAN



NUCLEAR ENGINEER



WINDER



CABLE STRIPPER



WELDER



PHYSICIST



ASSEMBLER



TUBE RE-NECKER



MANAGER
COMPUTER OPERATIONS



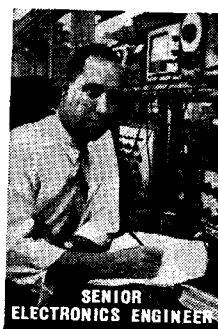
MANAGER, MATERIALS



ELECTRICAL ENGINEER



FOREMAN



SENIOR
ELECTRONICS ENGINEER



DIE SETTER



PRESSURE DIE CASTER



ASSEMBLER



FLAME TREATER



MULTILITH OPERATOR



NUCLEAR ENGINEER



QUARTZ BLOWER

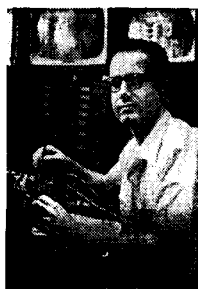
What

Photos outlined in color represent some of the new jobs created at General Electric since World War II, and highlight the fact that 1 out of 3 employees works on new products developed since that time.

Where did these jobs come from? What does it take to create new jobs?

It takes sales to make jobs, and sales mean customers. In our free society, economic progress is determined by the decisions of customers to buy or not to buy. When customers have confidence in the economy . . . when they feel they are being offered attractive values . . . then sales are made and jobs are created.

It takes profits to make jobs. Profits make possible research and development that lead to new, appealing products, to new jobs and even to whole new industries. They make possible plant improvement and expansion for more production and more jobs. By rewarding share owners who risk their savings in a business, profits attract the capital required to operate and expand a business.



DEVELOPMENT ENGINEER



TESTER



STRANDER OPERATOR



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ARMATURE WINDER



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makes jobs?

It takes a job well done to make jobs. No company can stay in business very long if it cannot make products that are competitive in price and performance. This calls for the highest-quality workmanship and the greatest efficiency on the part of all employees. By providing the exciting product features and innovations that people want and will buy, a company earns the profits it needs to expand and create more jobs.

What, then, makes jobs? In America's economy, jobs are created by the actions and decisions of millions of people: customers who seek the product values that will help to enrich their lives; share owners who invest capital to develop these new and improved products; and employees who take pride in doing their jobs well, and who use their skills to build more value into the products they make.

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SECRETARY



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MOTOR SHELL
FABRICATOR

coast seemed tiny lanterns. As it grew darker, small lights appeared on the fishing sampans that passed between his ship and the coast. Darkness painted out houses, trees, mountains, until finally only the lights of the sampans could be seen.

As Reno stood against the ship's rail, he could barely see the sea gulls pivoting swiftly in the ship's wake as they picked up garbage thrown from the fantail. Their harsh cries were unpleasant. He thought he could hear the softer wail of another bird high over the ship, but soon he heard nothing except the creaking of the ship in the rougher waters away from the coast.

WHEN Reno came home that summer the whole valley was ripening into greens and yellows. Wearing a white T shirt, levis, and a pair of loafers which were ripping out along the seams, he squinted his eyes into slits like a drowsy cat as he walked down the road into the late afternoon sun. His shoes scuffed up little puffs of dust from the road, and the dust powdered over his shoes.

On both sides of the road the fields of hay rippled smoothly. Reno broke off a stalk of hay and chewed on it carefully, tasting the slightly sweet juice and feeling the fibers crush between his teeth. As he moved on up the road, three sage hens whirred up in heavy-bodied flight from a culvert and sailed on set wings across the meadow toward the river. Reno could feel the sun burning on his back and arms; the sweat ran down his face to drip onto the T shirt. A car rattled up the road behind him, passed, and a woman in the front seat turned around to look at him. The two children in the back pressed their noses up against the rear window and stared at him.

Down on his right in the valley, Reno could see the stream winding in gentle horseshoes through the hay meadows. In back of the fields shadows inched up the rounded, sage-dotted hills as the sun began to set. Reno stopped to take off his shoe and remove a piece of rock. His brown army socks had big holes in the heels from the rubbing of the loose loafers. He looked at the steep descent of road that cut through the sagebrush before spanning an irrigation ditch and dropping on a sharp pitch through the green waves of hay to wind among the huge cottonwood trees which shaded a whitewashed house.

As Reno walked through the gate and started down the road toward the house, he heard a dog begin to bark. Now he could see the red barn he had painted one summer, the corral with two horses standing head to tail in one corner, and the set of elk horns fastened to the crosspiece of its high gate. Under his feet the dry dirt of the road

was hot as he crossed the bridge over the irrigation ditch. A cock pheasant in summer drabness scuttled off through the hay.

Reno could see his mother and father standing by the house and looking up toward the road to see why the dog was barking. As he came nearer the house, the black-and-white dog circled him excitedly but with caution. She would stop for a minute and watch him closely, then jump suddenly to one side and run a short distance away. All the while she kept barking.

Reno was home.

At first the letters from Toyako, incredibly thin in the narrow envelopes which opened at the end and were stamped with two delicately etched goldfish, came about once a week. Reno's parents laughingly questioned him at first, but it came to be like the other subjects connected with his two years of service — after a few attempts to discuss frankly his experiences, he realized that his parents did not want to know anything unpleasant, or perhaps it was just that there was no common ground for discussion. He soon kept himself from talking to them about the drinking, the stupidity and brutality he had known, or about Toyako. And after a few weeks the letters stopped coming.

One afternoon Reno stood in front of the kitchen window of the ranch house as his mother began to wash the dishes. She seemed much older to him than he had remembered; fat was creased on her arms, and the features of her face looked as though they had melted slightly since he had been gone. The kitchen smelled unpleasantly of burned grease, but by the window he could smell the ripening hay meadows.

"Jean called this morning while you and Dad were irrigating," his mother said. She turned her head so she could watch his face.

"That's good," he said. Looking out the window, he could see the undulating surface of the oats on the sloping field behind the house. Far below, next to the river, was the large, chicken-wire magpie trap. Two of the black-and-white birds were hopping around inside the trap; several others were sitting on top of the wire or in nearby trees. Reno could faintly hear their excited quarreling.

He turned from the window and watched his mother's hands disappear into dirty dishwater. "She called because she hadn't seen you since you got back," she said.

"I wrote her about everything." He felt a vague panic. What did they all want? "She knows it's all over with us. I wrote her about it."

Down by the river, more magpies were clustering around the trap. Two of them dropped through the slot on top to get at the rotten meat below.

Others spiraled to the ground outside the trap. The croakings became more urgent and frenzied.

"I just wanted to tell you about it," his mother said. "I guess it doesn't matter to you, does it?"

"No, it doesn't matter any more."

"Maybe you'll change your mind after you've had a chance to settle down. The Cullins boy had trouble adjusting after he got out."

He watched intently as two of the birds in the trap fought over a piece of meat. "Maybe the Cullins boy and I are different. Some people even like the army. Some people live like that all their lives." He heard her sigh and begin washing the dishes again.

"Anyway, Jean's a nice girl," she said. "You ought at least to stop by and see her."

He walked away from the window. "But I don't want to see her," he said. "I'm not like the Cullins boy and I don't want to see her. I just want everyone to leave me alone."

His mother was silent. The room was completely quiet; he wished everything could always be this quiet, but his mother began moving dishes into the sink.

"I think I'll go in for the mail," he said. "Do you want anything from town?"

"No," she said. "Nothing at all."

Reno drove the three miles into town that afternoon and parked the pickup on the dusty street near the post office. He walked up the dirty stone steps and entered the stale-smelling interior of the building where the rows of little boxes were aligned in sterile similarity. As Reno moved to his box at the building's far end, his eye caught the recruiting poster, which displayed a clean-shaven young man in immaculate khaki holding a rifle at port-arms. Lettered on the poster in red, white, and blue were the words: "He's Guarding You."

It seemed to Reno that he could see in the young face the reality existing beneath the illusion of the painted paper: the cruelty of frightened authority in the mouth, the ingrown hardness behind the eyes which came from accepting injustice every day, not being able to protest until the bitterness came to be sustaining. When will you forget? he wondered.

THAT evening Reno went with his father down to the meadow below the house to tend the magpie trap. His father wore leather gloves and carried a large canvas sack. Tiny veins blotched across the bridge of his nose which curved in a short hook between pinched blue eyes. "Decided yet what you're going to do?" his father asked.

"No," he said. "I've been thinking about it, but I don't know."

In the chicken-wire enclosure, a mass of black-

and-white magpies croaked harshly as they fluttered against the wire and sought for escape. His father entered the trap through a door and with gloved hands trapped each protesting bird in turn to push it into the sack.

"Some of the boys are going to school," his father said. "The government pays them, I understand. You used to talk some about going to college."

"I don't want anything from the government. They've done plenty for me."

When his father crawled out of the trap, they walked down to the willow-lined creek which twisted in a narrow slit through the meadow. His father dropped the lumpy sack into a deep, clear pool where the rocks lay smooth and rounded on the sand that glistened like salt beneath the water. A beak would thrust up through the sack, and Reno pushed the sack down with a stick until the thin streams of air bubbles ceased and the sack lay barely moving in the current.

"Lots of people been in the army," his father said. "You're lucky to be finished with it. Mother and I think you're making too much out of it. Some boys were in Korea."

"That's right," he said. It was the same thing they had told him in the army. Don't complain, it could be worse. You're lucky you're not in Korea. It doesn't help to fight it. Conform. Conform. Conform. "You're right, Dad."

Reno watched his father empty the shrunken birds into the brush. Then the two of them walked back up to the house through the ripening oats which rippled like a girl's hair.

After he had cleaned up, Reno left his mother and father sitting in their small living room and drove into town. He drove up the main street and back down before parking in front of the Union Bar. For several minutes he sat watching the people walk past on the sidewalk and listening to snatches of conversation. Many people were in town for Saturday night. They moved slowly along the sidewalks, looking for friends and staring in the shop windows. Some were tourists who were stopping only for the night. They stared at the drably clothed Indians from the nearby reservation and the men in from the ranches who wore big hats, boots, and levis with the leather labels still sewed on above the back pocket.

Reno finally went into the bar, where the cigarette smoke drifted about the laughing, quarreling faces, the brightly labeled bottles, and the glistening taps.

"Hello, Buddy," the bartender said as he sat down. "Been a hot day, hasn't it?"

"Yeah, it has, Chuck," he said. "I'd like a shot, please, with a beer chaser."

"Sure thing, Buddy," Chuck said, sticking a

wide-lipped glass under the tap and carefully drawing the beer.

He placed the glass on the bar, poured amber into a shot glass, and picked up the coins.

"Thank you, Buddy," Chuck said. "Been working hard?"

"No," he said.

"Me neither," Chuck laughed. "I'm allergic to work."

The beer tasted very cold after the warmth of the bourbon. At the far end of the room the juke box began playing hillbilly music with sad, twanging lyrics about lost loves, death, and hopeless sorrow.

All the night, all the day . . . since you've been away . . . who's kissing you . . . just drinking and thinking . . . alone and I'm blue.

The colors shifted on the juke box and the bubbles endlessly drifted across its face. He ordered another drink. Vaguely he thought about what he was going to do tomorrow — or the next week. He had been out of the army for two months.

At the end of the bar a waitress coming off shift sat down and ordered a beer. Reno noticed that when she smiled she exposed a missing front tooth. She was a washed-out blonde with a puffy bruise smeared under one eye. A knife-faced man sat down by the waitress and they began to argue loudly above the soft moan of the juke box.

"So go ahead and sleep with him," the man said. "You think I don't know that's what you're thinking."

"Yeah, I suppose you'd like that, wouldn't you?" She twisted up one corner of her mouth as she talked. "Then you could run to that little Indian slut of yours."

"She may be a slut," he sneered, "but she's more of a wife than you are. You get what I mean? She don't sneak around behind my back and shack with half the town."

The waitress twisted around on her stool. "You're a hell of a one to talk to me about shacking. Oh, sure, I'm supposed to pretend that I don't know about your Indian chippie." She squinted up her bruised eye so that it was almost closed. "You chippie-chasing bastard."

"Go to hell," the man said. Then he turned and strutted out of the bar. The waitress sat tinkling the ice in her glass. She rested her chin on the fat palm of one hand; the bruised eye twitched as she stared across the bar. The juke box clacked a new record onto the turntable.

Reno watched a drunken Indian and his thin girl friend in the back room as they shuffled jerkily to the music. The girl tried to keep him from stumbling as they danced. When Reno twisted back to the bar, the waitress was sitting on the stool next to his. "You've got a kind face," she said.

He could see the missing tooth and the bruise plainly now. Her skin had the texture of biscuit dough. "I'm very kind," he said.

"Yes, you've got a kind face," she said, as though he had not spoken. "My husband has an ugly face. Have you ever seen his face?" One of her eyes pulled into a tiny clam.

"He's very handsome," Reno said. "Like a movie star."

"Don't let him fool you," she said. "He's a chippie chaser." Her voice slid upward. "He's got an Indian chippie over in Pogue's trailer camp. He thought I didn't know about her, but I seen him pick her up one night."

She pushed her face closer to his and narrowed her eyes against the smoke from her cigarette. "He ain't got a job and he ain't got my money any more," she said, and winked at him knowingly. "Just that chippie's all he's got now. But she'll leave him, too, when his money's gone." She slapped on top of the bar with one pudgy hand. "I'll have fixed him then, and he'll come crawling back." She stepped off the stool and started to leave. "An Indian chippie," she laughed. "But wait till he comes crawling back."

That night as Reno went to bed he tried to close his mind completely as though it were a book he no longer cared to read. Lying there in the hot closeness of his small room he could hear the cottonwoods rustling in the slight breeze. Far away a dog was barking harshly against the quiet murmur of the creek below the house. He began to think about the waitress in the bar, the people he had known in the army, and Toyako. Each face would appear as a vague memory he couldn't quite grasp, to be replaced by another and yet another until the whisky lulled his senses into sleep.

Then he dreamed of Toyako, as he had on the boat coming back and in the separation center, and she whispered, "Reno-san, Reno-san, why you go back to States?" Why. Why? And he called her name, but there was no one beside him — nothing except the darkness. His eyes flicked open suddenly and he was awake again in the same room but the room was shaking now. The walls seemed to be toppling toward him with a slowness, a sort of majestic awfulness that was beautiful. And he began to laugh, quietly at first and then louder and louder until he could no longer control it.

"Momotaro-san," he laughed. "Wonderful Peach Boy."

He was sweating and the sheets clung damply to his body. He was cold and he stopped laughing. Very carefully he raised himself up and stared toward the window, where the curtains shifted uneasily in the hot air. But there was nothing outside except the curtains rustling against the screen like the faintly beating wings of a tired bird.

BOOKS AND MEN



For an evaluation of the most important novel to come out of Russia in many years, the ATLANTIC has turned to ERNEST J. SIMMONS, the author of LEO TOLSTOY and RUSSIAN FICTION AND SOVIET IDEOLOGY. Mr. Simmons was engaged in research work in Russia before World War II. He taught at Harvard and Cornell, and in 1946 he became chairman of the department of Slavic languages at Columbia, where he is also professor of Russian literature at the Russian Institute.

RUSSIA FROM WITHIN

Boris Pasternak's First Novel

BY ERNEST J. SIMMONS

IN A modest house not far from Moscow lives a gray-haired poet of sixty-eight by the name of Boris Pasternak. Visitors are struck by the serenity of his face, distinguished by high cheekbones and deep-set eyes. He appears to dwell in a spiritual world of his own, where as a creative artist he refuses to distort the voice of life and condemns the waste and destruction of beauty as it comes into contact with the vulgarity of materialism. For Pasternak is neither a Communist in his political philosophy nor a socialist realist in art. He loves his country and he sees Russia in its totality, in the grand sweep and rhythm of its destiny, in which the Bolshevik Revolution is just a passing phase. It is little wonder then that *Doctor Zhivago* (Pantheon, \$5.00), the first novel of this foremost living Russian poet, should be anticipated as an important revelation of Soviet life and a prophecy of things to come.

Soviet Russia has had very few writers who could be compared favorably with the best in Western Europe and America over the last forty years. Pasternak is among these few, and objective literary historians of the future will probably esteem him as one of the great men of letters of our time. For years, to be sure, it has been bad taste to praise him in the official Soviet press. But native critics who are competent and unafraid — and there have been a number of them — regard Pasternak's concentrated poetry, with its free association of ideas and human experience and its extraordinary images, as the highest achievement of Soviet verse.

Pasternak began *Doctor Zhivago* before Stalin's death in 1953 and finished it by the end of 1955. When he began writing his novel, he was known for his nine thin volumes of difficult poetry and for

a few short stories and autobiographical fragments. In the twenties and early thirties, when literary originality was possible and often much appreciated in Soviet intellectual circles, Pasternak's revolt against the classical forms of lyricism and his brilliant use of imagery which embodied deeply felt personal experiences won him much acclaim as well as the kind of criticism initially leveled against the verse of T. S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas. Like his hero, the poet and physician Zhivago, Pasternak believes that "art always serves beauty, and beauty is delight in form, and form is the key to organic life, since no living things can exist without it; so that every work of art, including tragedy, expresses the joy of existence."

This would never do as an approach to art in the Soviet Union once Stalinist terror had muted creative individualism and exacted conformity to party dictates from all writers. Pasternak fell silent. Perhaps the very obscurity of his verse protected him from the excesses of the purge years. When official party literary critics deigned to notice him at all, it was to condemn him for his failure to reach the masses with his poetry and for cutting himself off from the people. Today Soviet youths know Pasternak largely as a translator, for over the last fifteen years he has been devoting himself to outstanding renderings of the works of Shakespeare, Goethe, Shelley, and other great authors of the past.

No doubt the "thaw" that followed Stalin's death encouraged Pasternak to write *Doctor Zhivago* and also led him to hope that it would be published in the Soviet Union. Any knowledge of the complete text indicates how quixotic that hope must have been, for the novel is the most sincere,

honest, and revelatory fictional treatment of the Soviet epoch to come out of Russia.

It appears that Pasternak sent the manuscript on the rounds of Soviet publishers. After a number of rejections, publication was hinted as possible if various cuts could be made. Pasternak, it is reported, agreed, and on the strength of this expectation allowed a copy of the manuscript to find its way into the hands of a Milan publisher for Italian translation. Officials of the Union of Soviet Writers persuaded Pasternak to send a telegram to the Italian publisher requesting the return of the manuscript for revision, and even the Soviet embassy in Italy interceded. But to no avail. The Italian translation appeared, and shortly thereafter German, French, and English versions. The international fame so long and unfairly denied Pasternak has at last been achieved in spite of Soviet neglect and controls.

Doctor Zhivago is not a political novel, nor is it an attempt to expose the iniquities of the Soviet regime. Rather it is the story of Russians from all walks of life who lived, loved, fought, and died during the momentous events from 1903 to 1929 (an epilogue carries the action into and beyond World War II). And the beloved, ineradicable symbol of their existence is Russia.

The epic sweep and perhaps the fact that *Zhivago* is partial to Tolstoy's theory of history have already suggested to some commentators the influence of *War and Peace*. But there is little of Tolstoy here, either in style or atmosphere. Tolstoy is concerned with the harmony of life, Pasternak — at least in this novel — with its disharmony. One detects rather flashes of Dostoevsky. The beautiful, ambivalent Larisa Feodorovna, the lover of *Zhivago*, recalls vividly that "infernal woman" type of Nastasya Filipovna in *The Idiot*. Like her, Larisa undergoes a traumatic experience as a young girl; her self-dedication to purity is crushed by the seduction of the lecherous old Komarovsky, a devitalized Svidrigailov.

But literary influences are of no consequence in *Doctor Zhivago*. After years of silence and, one suspects, long and thoughtful preparation, Pasternak has written a Soviet novel which at last revives the noble tradition of the Russian past that literature is the conscience of the nation. For the work throbs with the truth of the indictment of forty tragic years of Russian history, an unspoken indictment that emerges from the swarms of workers, peasants, idealistic intellectuals, bourgeois entrepreneurs, Red commissars, and White officers, all of them caught up in the fury of strikes, war, revolution, civil war, massacres, executions, wanton acts of sadism, the cold terror of the Cheka, and wrecked family life. Many of these characters are fleeting figures in the involved web

of the fable as the action traverses the whole of Russia from the Ukraine to Siberia, yet each contributes something to the tormented voice of conscience that demands to know what universal good can possibly justify this wholesale crucifixion of the human spirit.

THE central figure of the novel, Doctor *Zhivago*, personifies this voice of conscience in his proud conviction that no ruler, no political party should have power over the conscience of man in his struggle to work out his own destiny. Besides Gregor Melekhov in Sholokhov's masterpiece, *The Quiet Don*, Doctor *Zhivago* is perhaps the only hero in Soviet fiction who in the end fails to identify himself with the "virtues" of Communism. Pasternak denies that there is anything autobiographical in his hero, but one senses a common philosophical perception of life, a community of ideas, that goes beyond their mutual devotion to poetry and their similar theories of art.

Zhivago is an orphan when the story begins just before the 1905 revolution. His parents had been wealthy, and he is brought up in a cultured Moscow family. Concurrently with the development of the sensitive, thoughtful *Zhivago* through his school years, his study to become a physician, and his first timid efforts in writing poetry, Pasternak introduces numerous other characters from various social levels and the events in which they participate, in order to present a comprehensive picture of Russian society. The method has drawbacks as well as merits, for the artistic aim of creating living people is often sacrificed to the expansive design of the social historian.

But always the spotlight returns to *Zhivago*, and in its white glare he epitomizes man's quenchless thirst for sanity and survival in a time of madness and death. We follow him through his marriage to Tonia, a girl of his class, the birth of his child, his hospital experiences, and then his grueling service at the front as a doctor. Like so many members of the intelligentsia, he welcomes the revolution when it comes, because he believes that Russia desperately needs to be purged of the accumulated dross of centuries of oppression and misrule. And in the bitter days of starvation in Moscow in the first year of the revolution, *Zhivago* learns that a life similar to the life of the people is a true life, that solitary happiness is not true happiness.

Pasternak portrays the vast panorama of events and people over these years not so much as an accomplished novelist would do it, but as an objective historian would chronicle events that he has lived through and recollected in tranquillity.

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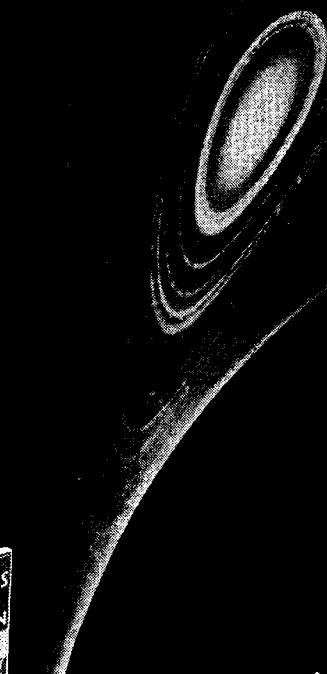
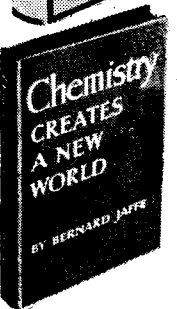
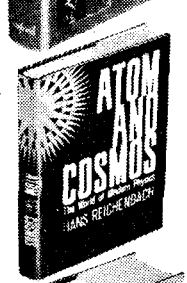
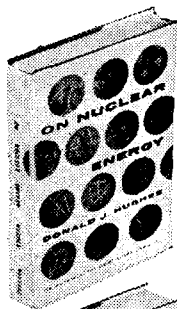
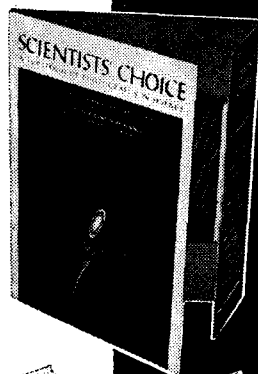
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With some notable exceptions, there is no patient lingering over details and rounding out of characters, no effort to compel the reader to identify himself with the immediacy of life lived and not merely described. Perhaps this is the fault of a poet who has not mastered the novelist's special art in his first full-length work of fiction.

Pasternak's particular approach to his material, however, may be intentional. The picture he provides of these years is a truthful one, but he gives the impression of looking back from some remote vantage point in order to extract from these fateful events the grim lesson of the spiritual agony of those who endured them. It is man against history that enthralls him, man's infinite capacity to oppose the malevolence of events and triumph over them. The epilogue suggests that the hope of the Russian people, in the future as in the past, is bound up with this opposition; and the character of Zhivago is a superb symbol of this spiritual struggle against the evil forces of history.

It is not the incredible cruelty and suffering of the civil war, which Zhivago experiences when compelled to serve as a physician in a Red partisan band in the Urals, that undermines his faith in the revolution, but the preposterous claims of its leaders that only they possess the secret of earthly happiness and are determined to whip everybody into it. Turning on one of his Bolshevik friends who praises Marxism as a science, Zhivago declares:

Marxism is too uncertain of its ground to be a science. Sciences are more balanced, more objective. I don't know a movement more self-centered and further removed from the facts than Marxism. Everyone is worried only about proving himself in practical matters, and as for the men in power, they are so anxious to establish the myth of their infallibility, that they do their utmost to ignore the truth.

In many such frank passages toward the middle and end of the novel, Zhivago reveals his growing belief that these "bringers of a new life" really deny life and repudiate the human personality. Zhivago loves life in all its aspects. This love wells up in him when he contemplates the terrible beauty of the world. A deep religious, almost mystical, feeling comes over him in the presence of the majesty of nature. He yearns to savor life, not to solve it. The relentless probing of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy into the ultimate purpose of mankind leaves him unmoved; he prefers the modest reticence of Pushkin and Chekhov, who thought it presumptuous to deal with such high-sounding matters.

It is this capacity to give himself to life, to attune himself to its rhythm, that draws Zhivago into his poignant and beautifully narrated love affair with Larisa. However, as a character in one of the

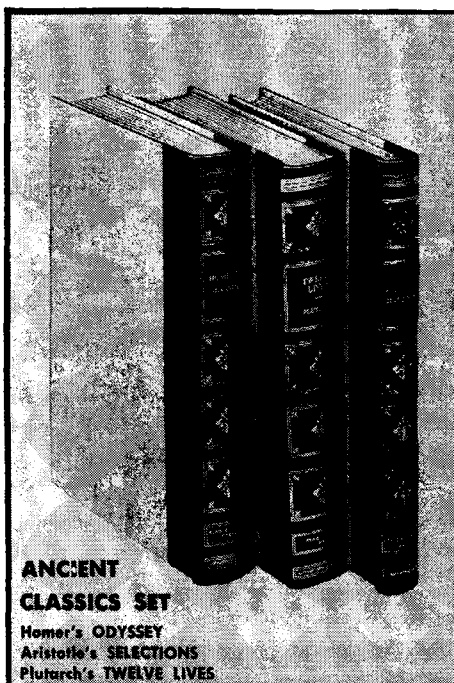
stereotyped Soviet novels put it, "The age of socialism is not well suited to adultery," nor can Zhivago stomach the intellectual antipasto of the Marxian theoreticians who surround his Ural retreat. Eventually, revolutionary terrorism forces a separation of the lovers. After weeks of suffering and privations during the long journey, Zhivago finally arrives in Moscow at the beginning of "the most ambiguous and hypocritical of all Soviet periods," that of the New Economic Policy.

In living through its years of crass vulgarity, Zhivago slowly loses his zest for life. He comes to loathe the political mysticism of the Soviet intelligentsia, which now encourages his own former intellectual friends to make a virtue of their experiences in Soviet prisons and to rationalize their willing submission to the conformity demanded of all. "Men who are not free always idealize their bondage," he thinks. "I found it painful to listen to you," he remarks to one of these friends, "when you told us how you were re-educated and became mature in jail. It was like listening to a horse describing how it broke itself in." Not the cudgel, but an inner music, has placed man above the beast, and its sweet sounds are heard in many unforgettable pages of the novel.

THE extraordinary frankness, if not the design, of the epilogue to the novel suggests that it was written or revised by Pasternak possibly after Khrushchev's famous debunking speech on Stalin in 1956. In the first part of the epilogue, two of Zhivago's old friends, Dudorov and Gordon, now officers in the war in 1943, talk with complete freedom — perhaps for the first time in any Soviet novel — of the colossal lie that the people had been compelled to live. Dudorov declares:

I think that collectivization was an erroneous and unsuccessful measure and it was impossible to admit that error. To conceal the failure people had to be cured, by every means of terrorism, of the habit of thinking and judging for themselves and forced to see what didn't exist, to assert the very opposite of what their eyes told them. This accounts for the unexampled cruelty of the Yezhov period, the promulgation of a constitution that was never meant to be applied, and the introduction of elections that violated the very principles of free choice.

The two friends continue their conversation, this time about their own brutal experiences in concentration camps, and Dudorov advances the plausible theory that when the war broke out, its horrors, dangers, and menace of death "were a blessing compared with the inhuman reign of the lie." Here the lesson brought home to the friends is that of Zhivago's prophetic soul.



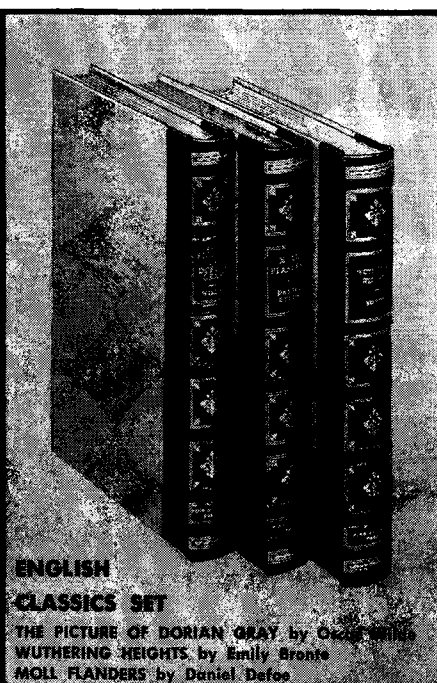
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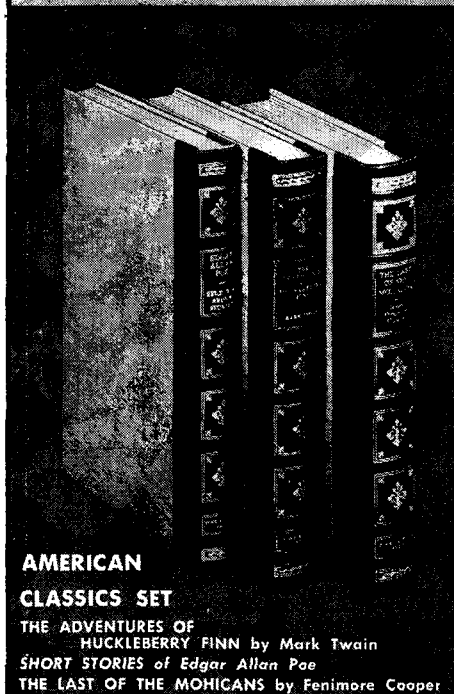
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In the second part of the epilogue, dated some time after the war, the same two friends are represented as just having finished a posthumous volume of Zhivago's writings, and they find hope in its pages for the future of Russia. Pasternak concludes: "Although victory had not brought the relief and freedom that were expected at the end of the war, nevertheless the portents of freedom filled the air throughout the postwar period, and they alone defined its historical significance."

Indeed, the anguished cry of the human spirit for freedom in all its manifestations runs through the pages of this remarkable Soviet novel. We hear it in the poetic imagery of the beautiful nature descriptions; in the creative individualism of the

hero's theory of art; in the wonderful religious faith of the seeress Sima, who believes that Christianity will overcome "the duty, imposed by armed forces, to live unanimously as a people, as a whole nation" and will replace it by "the doctrine of individuality and freedom"; and we hear it constantly in Zhivago's conviction that man's Faust-like longing to grasp and experience everything is an expression of the law of his nature and must not be suppressed.

This cry for the freedom that alone can restore the human dignity of man needs to be heard in the Soviet Union, where, unhappily, *Doctor Zhivago* will probably never be allowed to appear as Pasternak originally wrote it.

A HARMONY, WITH STARS

BY ALASTAIR REID

The tune at first is odd, though still familiar.
It asks and answers, as you hear
the children playing it on their thin recorders,
over and over, in the afternoon,
through breath and error, with the huge blue day
hovering overhead. The house dozes,
and guests asleep — uncles, grandmothers, cousins —
accept it easily into their dreams
(like repetitions of the same cool breeze)
and smile. The notes, brief moths among the roses,
falter but do not fall. A wind passes,
and then, the tune again, the first phrase firm,
the second wavering and fanciful,
the last settling, as the air falls still.

Later, at night, its counterpoint —
the family after dinner, lifting down
instruments from the walls, and their huge shadows
huddled, bending together as candle flames
waver with the first inquiring chord.
Uncles, cousins, friends — they yield to the air
subscribed by strings and clarity of the oboe,
comment of cello, emphasis of drum.
The children turn in dream upstairs, drowning
through waves that widen from their own small music —
heartbeat and breath, the fanciful lift of fiddles,
the falling arm, the last cool phrase, falling.
Shadows pause in their place. Outside,
the garden breathes beneath suspended stars.

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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE river trails I follow in northern New Brunswick for ten happy days each summer are a complex of granite, moss, and the interlacing roots of spruce and fir, the path seldom wider than eighteen inches, where anglers and guides have been measuring their tread for nearly seven decades. Walking here is no straightforward business; the Northwest Miramichi has carved its winding way through a rocky gorge, and to keep pace with it the trail is alternately climbing or leaping down. There are only a few level stretches on the lip of the stream, and these are usually half under water; then a series of toe holds, rock and root, present themselves, and the mounting path takes one into the shade of the forest. One steps intently, eyes down, hearing the wash of the river, the four clear, plaintive notes of the whitethroat — why has no composer ever used them as a theme? — or the distant hammering of a woodpecker, and listening with expectation for the turbulence of white water which signals our approach to the salmon pool ahead.

The trail is most readable the second morning after rain, when the pockets between the roots will have dried and the moist earth will tell who has passed this way since sunset. One expects the print of deer and is always surprised by the larger evidence of moose: "Looks like somebody spilled a bag of prunes," remarks Henry, the more notional of our guides. A lacerated dead birch shows where the bear has been grubbing for ants, and once this summer I had the luck to intercept a doe between the path and the river's edge. Up she came, in steeplechase jumps, her white tail flying, so beautifully unerring as she placed her springs between the boulders and the deadfall.

The mornings are the best, the trail then so fragrant and the green so moist. Head down, one takes in the little things. On either side of the path with its cover of spruce needles are masses of bunchberry, its square white blossom set off glossily by the six-pointed leaf. One looks for the

white lady's-slipper, the clusters of lavender catnip, or the tiny pink colonies of twinflower; shinleaf, the forest lily of the valley, and in rare openings, lady's-tresses and the purple-fringed wild orchid. The trail to Stony Brook dips through some rich river soil where for twenty yards the growth is outlandish: masses of Queen Anne's lace standing shoulder high ("stinkin' elders," Henry calls them), and topping them the fronds of the fiddlehead fern, from which we get a salad as delectable as cold asparagus. The logs which carry us across this mucky ground are guarded by a regiment of blue flags.

My feet are grateful for the moss which cushions the ledges. If it weren't for the thought of fish, I should study the mosses more closely, the plushy emerald green, the darker blue on the fallen logs, the needle moss like some tiny conifer. This green inlay is most vividly to be seen on the clearstone, the glistening white granite; here is a footstool for an Indian prince — or a Boston editor, if I could find a way of keeping the moss on it alive and the stone forever moist in my library!

Howard, the camp philosopher, who has been working on the river for half a century, tells me that the forest floor is now much clearer than it used to be; the slash and dense underbrush are gone, and through the corridor of the trees one can sometimes see a spruce partridge. I try to tell him what the woods give me: the feeling of privacy which has become so rare in our urban life; the absence of litter — not an empty beer can along the entire way — and the reassurance I find in the unchanging beauty of the forest and the river.

It is two miles and a half from Camp Adams to Sam's Pool, and four pools to fish on the way. Walking that trail in waders in the early day, one feels like Mercury; the ten-foot rod is simply a longer finger; the musette swung from the shoulder, with its fly boxes and rain jacket, is no heavier than the bug dope on one's skin. Anticipation urges us, and if the heel skids on a slippery root it

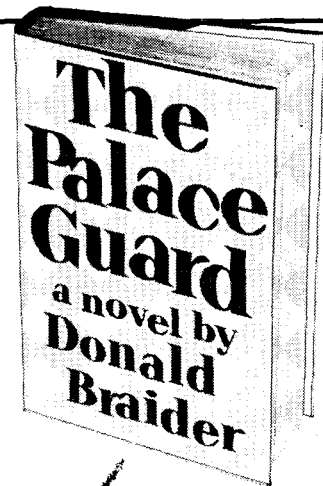
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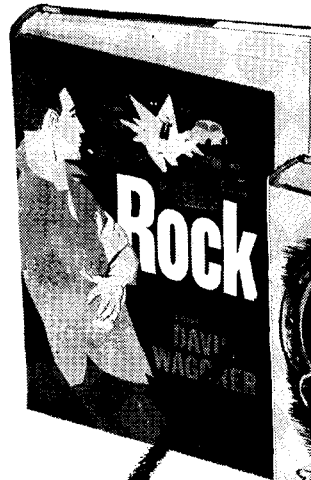
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ROCK by David Wagoner

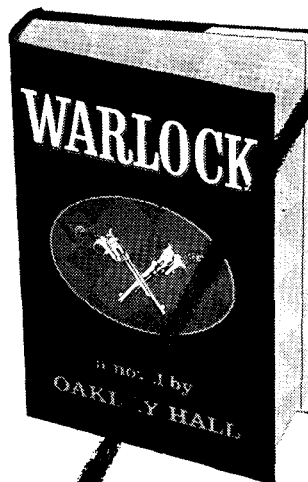


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by Bentz Plagemann**

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takes only an extra jump to restore one's balance. But it's a different story five hours later when with wet and heavy feet we turn back to camp. The arches have fallen, the toes cry out, the roots and the stubbing granite become personally belligerent; now a step wrenches the whole frame, and a mutter of protest ("Don't do that, you ape. Watch where you are going. Damn it, not that way") breaks out. At such times I remember an angler who was hit by polio in mid-life and crippled from the waist down. But with that strength of arm and spirit which comes as compensation to such sufferers, he would literally haul his way along the trail, toiling half the morning for the joy of returning. I think how he must have studied every root, even the tiniest of the moss flowers; temper subsides and I go in humbleness.

READING IN CAMP

I took with me to camp three books which I looked forward to reading in the quiet of the afternoon. The first was a volume I had heard about in London, **THE HUNT FOR KIMATHI** (Doubleday, \$4.00), a true story in the best of the *Blackwood* tradition, in which **IAN HENDERSON**, assisted by his friend, **PHILIP GOODHART**, accounts for the Mau Mau uprising in Kenya and describes the tracking down of their leader, Dedan Kimathi, whose capture brought the revolution to an end. It was an intrepid undertaking, and for his leading part in it Jock Henderson was twice cited for the George Medal. At the height of the terror there were 60,000 Kikuyu tribesmen in detention camps, and the terrorists, led with the fanaticism of a Hitler, infested six thousand square miles of bamboo forests and uplands. It was at this point that Henderson, who speaks Kikuyu fluently and who can think like a native, made the first of his unarmed rendezvous with the terrorists. With letters hidden in bottles or cleft sticks, with sky shouts which he had taped for an airplane, with patient courage which disarmed fear, he converted the tribesmen who were wavering; he built up his hand-picked gangs of pseudo terrorists and finally led them to the ambush of their master.

The book which I read so slowly that I came to live with it was **J.B., A PLAY IN VERSE**, by **ARCHIBALD MACLEISH** (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50). It was an inspiration to select the Biblical figure of Job as a prism in which to reflect the suffering and the injustice of our time. This is the most ambitious work Mr. MacLeish has undertaken, and coming to it after ten years of public service in which his poetic fires had been banked and in which he had been tossed and scarred as most public servants are, he brought to the writing an experience, a sense of injustice, and a power of indignation

which he could hardly have vented in a more tranquil era.

I did not try to project this as a play; I read it as literature for the beauty which is in the lines and the jolt which makes one exclaim, "How true!" In his blank verse the poet is in command of three wave lengths: the formal, the Biblical, and the idiomatic, and he shifts from one to another with strong and surprising effect. In lines like "Sun on the floor, airs in the curtain" or "Blow on the coal of the heart" or "Mayflies that leave their husks behind," he sounds the pure lyric; in

He'd be
Strangling, drowning, suffocating,
Diving for a sidewalk somewhere . . .

he hits with the closed fist. Propped on one elbow, I copied out two and a half pages of lines I wanted to feel again.

This is a disturbing book in the questions which it asks and leaves the reader to answer. The satire in it is scathing, as in the image of the society girl, the close-up of the photographer, or the denunciation of the false comforters of our era. But there is pity here, as when the blundering veterans speak of David or the messenger tries to describe the accident in the underpass. Young J.B. has a little too much of a Mr. Pilgrim in him to enlist my sympathy; his fall from high estate is like the plop of a soft apple. Yet there are passages, as on pages 111 and 123, when his manliness speaks clear. I am moved by the scorn and the outrage, and when the play is produced by Elia Kazan in the autumn I am sure Mr. MacLeish's character Nickles will bring the house down.

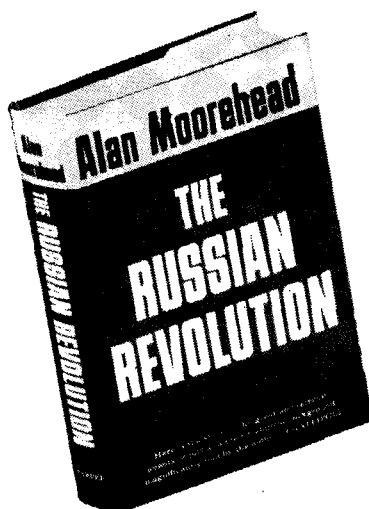
DEATH OF A NATION by **CLIFFORD DOWDEY** (Knopf, \$5.00) is a book for night thoughts before drifting to sleep; here is the tide by tide recording of the three-day battle at Gettysburg which was the high-water mark and the inevitable doom of the Confederacy. The author gives us a clear understanding of the odds against Lee at the outset: the obstructions raised by President Davis, which included the withholding of two of Pickett's best brigades; the loss of Stonewall Jackson; Lee's failing physical powers, the result of hypertension. Then, as the two great armies near each other, the historian seeks to find an answer for those three defections, each so decisive: Why was Jeb Stuart lost in a maze of his own devising? Why on July 1 was General Ewell unwilling and unable to seize the unoccupied heights? And why did Longstreet hold back through the critical hours? Mr. Dowdey shows that Lee was in part responsible. His orders came in the form of suggestions, and in this army of individualists they were only half obeyed. This is a thoughtful and authoritative work.

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By **ALAN MOOREHEAD**

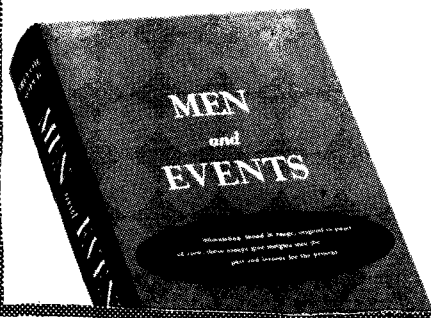
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Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

Here it is at last, VLADIMIR NABOKOV'S *LOLITA* (Putnam, \$5.00) — first issued in 1955 by an unorthodox Paris press after being rejected by a string of American publishers; banned by the French government, presumably out of solicitude for immature English-speaking readers (the ban was later quashed by the French High Court); pronounced unobjectionable by that blue-nosed body, the U.S. Customs Office; and heralded by ovations from writers, professors, and critics on both sides of the Atlantic.

The novel's scandal-tinted history and its subject — the affair between a middle-aged sexual pervert and a twelve-year-old girl — inevitably conjure up expectations of pornography. But there is not a single obscene term in *Lolita*, and aficionados of erotica are likely to find it a dud. *Lolita* blazes, however, with a perversity of a most original kind. For Mr. Nabokov has distilled from his shocking material hundred-proof intellectual farce. His book is slightly reminiscent of Thomas Mann's *Confessions of Felix Krull*; but *Lolita* has a stronger charge of comic genius and is more brilliantly written. Mr. Nabokov, a Russian émigré now working in his second tongue, has few living equals as a virtuoso in the handling of the English language.

A mock sententious foreword explains that the manuscript which follows is the confession of one Humbert Humbert, who died in captivity in 1952 just before his trial was due to start. Humbert introduces himself as a European of mixed stock who, at the age of twelve "in a principedom by the sea," loved and lost a *petite fille fatale* named Annabel Leigh, and has thereafter remained in sexual bondage to "the perilous magic" of subteen sirens — he calls them "nymphets." There follows a sketch of his tortured career up to the time when, in his late thirties, he settles in a quiet New England town (an American uncle has left him a legacy, and he dabbles in scholarship) under the same roof as a fatally seductive nymphet, Dolores Haze — a mixture of "tender dreamy childishness and eerie vulgarity." This "*Lolita*" is the daughter of his landlady, whom he marries with mur-

derous intent. But an accident eliminates Mrs. Haze, and Humbert the Nympholept finds himself the guardian of his darling, who, on their first night together, turns out to be utterly depraved and plays the role of seducer. Their weird affair — which carries them on a frenzied motel-hopping trek around the American continent — is climaxed by *Lolita's* escape with a playwright and Humbert's eventual revenge on his rival.

What is one to make of *Lolita*? In a prickly postscript to the novel, Mr. Nabokov dismisses this question as a problem dreamed up by "Teachers of Literature": he rejects the satiric interpretations which critics have put upon *Lolita* and asserts, in effect, that it is simply a story he had to get off his chest. That all of this is too ingenuous by half is evident from the parodic style in which *Lolita* is written: a combination of pastiches of well-known styles, spoofing pedantry, analysis of passion à la française, Joycean word games, puns, and all kinds of verbal play. Wild, fantastic, wonderfully imaginative, it is a style which parodies everything it touches. It surely justifies, at least in part, those critics who have seen in *Lolita* a satire of the romantic novel, of "Old Europe" in contact with "Young America," or of "chronic American adolescence and shabby materialism." But above all *Lolita* seems to me an assertion of the power of the comic spirit to wrest delight and truth from the most outlandish materials. It is one of the funniest serious novels I have ever read; and the vision of its abominable hero, who never deludes or excuses himself, brings into grotesque relief the cant, the vulgarity, and the hypocritical conventions that pervade the human comedy.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

OUR FRIEND JAMES JOYCE (Doubleday, \$4.00) by MARY and PADRAIC COLUM is an account of their intermittent contacts with Joyce over a period of nearly forty years. Legend has pictured Joyce as a supreme example of the dedicated artist, wholly possessed by his daemon, who sacrificed to it health, comfort, and most of the gratifications of ordinary men. The picture is valid enough, but there are aspects of Joyce which it shuts out, and the Colum memoir helps to make us more aware of them.

For one thing, Mr. Colum (who is responsible for most of the book) suggests that Joyce, in the sphere of practical affairs, was not altogether a stranger. When Joyce revisited Ireland in 1909, he came with a team of Italian workmen from Trieste and the job of establishing the first cinemas in Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, which apparently he carried out successfully. Many years later, his way of mobilizing support for a pet project — in this instance, boosting the stock of the tenor, John Sullivan — prompted Colum to remark to Hemingway: "Joyce operates like a general" (to which Hemingway replied: "Like a general of the Jesuits").

Mrs. Colum supplies a partial corrective to the legend of Joyce's sufferings from poverty. In his middle years — after Harriet Weaver had endowed him with a considerable sum — his mode of life in Paris was hardly austere; in fact, he spent money extravagantly. He liked fine food and (still more) fine wines, and made a habit of dining and entertaining friends at fashionable and expensive restaurants. That Joyce had boisterous, clowning moments when he turned vaudevillian has been duly registered by biographers. Mr. Colum makes rather more of Joyce's talents as a song-and-dance man; he sees them as representing an essential part of Joyce's being and places him "in the company of . . . strolling players."

Among the Colums' contributions to the record of Joyce's literary career are a full account of the circumstances which led Maunsel and Company to default on its contract to publish *Dubliners* (a reverse which decided Joyce to turn his back on Ireland for good), and an intimate picture of Joyce's working methods and avowed intentions when he was composing the early parts of *Finnegan's Wake*. By this time Joyce's eyesight was extremely bad, and he farmed out to friends masses of reading on subjects in which he required briefing for his magnum opus. On one occasion, he asked Colum for a report on certain features of *The Arabian Nights* and sent over to him the sixteen volumes of Burton's translation.

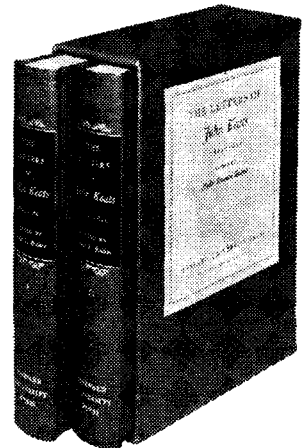
The Colums found Joyce, though difficult and at times intolerable, "a reliable friend, [who] would help one with any old thing"; and he becomes more human in their pages than in most of the other writings about him. Their fragmentary memoir manages to be a consistently interesting book: unpretentious, well written, and free from the gusts of rancor that blow through Irish literary reminiscences.

IN PART OF A LONG STORY (Doubleday, \$4.50), AGNES BOULTON, the second wife of Eugene O'Neill, writes about their life together from their meeting in the fall of 1917 up to the birth of their first child, Shane, two years later. It is decidedly just part of a story (which ended in divorce), and one is left intensely curious to know what followed. But unfinished though it is, the book reads like a novel, by which I mean it does not chronicle the past but rather re-

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creates it with the imaginative power of good fiction. Its fascination lies not in the facts with which it acquaints us — indeed from the factual standpoint, there are no end of irritating omissions — but in its vivid close-up of a deeply felt relationship and its loving though unsparing portrait of O'Neill as he moved into his thirties.

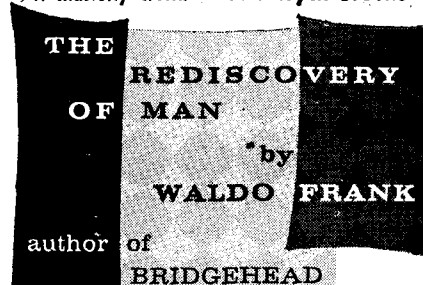
The author met O'Neill, and instantly fell in love with him, in a favorite haunt of Greenwich Village Bohemia which was known as the Hell Hole. She had just left her young daughter with her parents on their New Jersey farm, and had come to New York to earn more money by stepping up her sale of stories to the pulps. O'Neill was then associated with the Provincetown Players, who had started to produce his work; and he was in one of his somber, boozy phases: "Life was a dark, sardonic thing, lit with alcohol and bitter dreams, and he was the poet with 'vine leaves in his hair.'"

His struggle to stay away from drink remained the central problem in their lives, and Agnes Boulton has re-created his surrenders and his comebacks with a terrible but compassionate fidelity. When they were in Provincetown — in the quiet of lodgings rented from a sympathetic landlord or in the idyllic seclusion of the old Coast Guard station, attractively remodeled by Mabel Dodge — O'Neill would go for months without a drink, working with exhilaration and keeping himself in trim as energetically as an athlete. But the ordinary stresses of reality — a train journey, a minor quarrel or hurt, and especially an encounter with drinking companions in New York — would start him off on a fearful binge, from which he would limply inch his way back to recovery on a diet of soup and (invariably) the *Saturday Evening Post*. As his former wife sees it, he never took a drink to escape from his work or from himself — on the contrary, he thrived on solitude. But he was a man painfully uncomfortable in the world, and he could not find the courage to face its demands except from the bottle.

FICTION CHRONICLE

LAWRENCE DURRELL'S *BALTHAZAR* (Dutton, \$3.50) is the second part (*Justine* was the first) of a four-decker novel — set in the cosmopolitan

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Alexandria of the Farouk era — whose “central topic [is] an investigation of modern love” and whose form is inspired by the theory of relativity. “Our view of reality,” says one of the protagonists, “is conditioned by our position in space and time. . . . Two paces east or west and the whole picture changes.” *Balthazar* is largely concerned with the characters and events described in *Justine*, but the same narrator now sees them from a new perspective. It comes to him from the philosopher Balthazar, who has read the manuscript of his book about *Justine* and has returned it with an extended commentary, which puts all of the relationships in a different light. In particular, the narrator discovers that *Justine*’s affair with him was a decoy; that she used him to protect from her husband’s jealousy the man she really loved, the novelist Pursewarden. And now *Justine*’s affair with Pursewarden becomes the nerve center of the story, as the narrator re-examines “the politics of love, the intrigues of desire” in which the various characters are involved.

The reviews that greeted *Justine* were for the most part highly laudatory, but to this reader — possibly because he grew up in, and knows well, the city which is Mr. Durrell’s setting — *Balthazar* has in the main an annoyingly fancy and phony ring. To be sure, Durrell can handle the English language beautifully, and there are many brilliant descriptive passages in his book. He is first-rate, too, when he is straightforwardly drawing a comic character like Scobie, the boozy old sailor with perverse “Tendencies” who has miraculously hung on to his job in the Alexandrian police. But Durrell’s experimentation with the relativity proposition has given his storytelling a bewildering pattern; and his major protagonists strike me as unreal and strangely uninteresting. In the customary author’s note saying that the characters are imaginary, Durrell adds: “Nor could the city be less unreal.” He is presumably trying to say (though his words actually mean the opposite) that his Alexandria is entirely a figment of the imagination — and I couldn’t agree more.

In addition to Mr. Durrell, at least three gifted English writers — C. P. Snow, L. P. Hartley, and ANTHONY POWELL — have been devoting themselves to the novel of several volumes, published over a

period of years. Blurb writers wistfully insist that each installment of such works forms an independent entity and can be fully appreciated without knowledge of the others, but unfortunately the truth is usually otherwise, which perhaps explains why the three writers just mentioned have had few readers in this country. The most talented of them is certainly Anthony Powell, whose latest book, *AT LADY MOLLY’S* (Little, Brown, \$3.75), is the fourth volume in his wry and polished chronicle of English society, *The Music of Time*, which has now reached the middle nineteen-thirties.

One of the cardinal realities of the society which Powell is describing was its concern with family background and connections; “Who is he?”, “Whom do we know in common?” were the questions on which most of its conversation hinged. This concern gives Powell’s novel, which is not up to the level of its predecessors, its underlying pattern. The narrator — as he describes a party, a sortie to a night club, a visit to the country — surveys the family relationships of the changing world through which he moves; and in so doing he re-creates that world and peoples it with entrancingly original characterizations of representative types. In Mr. Powell’s hands, a mundane, completely undramatic “slice of life,” rendered with astonishing accuracy, is mysteriously transmuted into art and illumined with the glow of comedy. Widmerpool — the pompous, ambitious bill broker who has figured prominently in earlier volumes — decides to get married; and the course followed by his incongruous engagement is one of several comic treats in the novel. Another is the portrait of a boyish, Blimpish old general with highbrow eccentricities — he studies the cello, reads Virginia Woolf, and enthusiastically dishes out Freud and Jung.

What is so individual about Anthony Powell is that he writes about upper-class England without snobbery or romanticism or hostile prejudices. No contemporary English novelist has brought to bear on this society so sharp and so dispassionate an eye.

The American writer, ANDREW LYTLE, also deals with a society whose nature, he believes, is best defined in terms of family: the American South. Mr. Lytle, whose previous work I missed, is currently



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represented by a collection of fiction with the literal title, *A NOVEL, A NOVELLA, AND FOUR SHORT STORIES* (McDowell, Obolensky, \$4.95). The quality of the writing is so good, and the storytelling so compelling, that I looked into Mr. Lytle's publishing history and found in it a streak of bad luck. A big Civil War novel of his was eclipsed by the simultaneous publication of *Gone with the Wind*; and *A Name for Evil* (reprinted in the present book) for the most part landed, through some accident on the reviewing circuit, among the briefly noted murder mysteries. Lytle is working out of the same conservative tradition as Robert Penn Warren and John Crowe Ransom; but his fiction has a marked identity of its own, and one finds in it a combination of fine artistry and considerable force.

The range is varied. There is straight narrative, dramatic and charged with suspense—notably the story, "Mr. MacGregor," in which a Southern lady puts her husband's authority to the test by forcing him into a fight to the death with a rebellious Negro servant; and the novelle, "Alchemy," which tells how Pizarro found the capital of the Incas and captured it in the face of terrifying odds. "Ortiz's Mass" is a gripping but obscure tale, heavily charged with symbolism. "The Mahogany Frame" focuses on a Southern boy who goes on his first duck hunt with his uncle, and it traces his initiation into manhood through the rituals of hunting.

The novel, *A Name for Evil*, irresistibly recalls *A Turn of the Screw*. The narrator buys a dilapidated old house and the surrounding farm, which once belonged to a remote branch of his family—he is fired by the idea of striking roots amid the restored grandeur of the past. But the work of restoration goes badly; his beautiful young wife gets overstrained and behaves rather strangely; and presently he begins to encounter the ghost of Major Brent, the evil old man who let the property go to ruin. The narrator becomes obsessed with the idea that Brent's ghost has terrible designs upon his wife, and the plot keeps growing more mysterious and more sinister right up to the climax. There have been few ghost stories of a really high order since Henry James's masterpiece, and *A Name for Evil* is one of them.

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Accent on

RETURNING from Europe by ship instead of by plane is still widely believed to be an ideal way to wind up a strenuous vacation tour — relaxing, restful, an interval of luxury and rich creature comforts. For days on end the ship is a carefree haven. Whether to see the new prerelease movie or take a splash in the pool or just to do a little reading and napping in bed is probably the most formidable decision confronting the traveler. Cards? Gambling? High life? Simplicity? Ah, welcome, passenger, to a world of your own choosing.

There is much in shipboard life itself that makes this a durable legend; indeed, on many ships it would be altogether true, provided the ship could remain at sea indefinitely and never arrive anywhere. For the early part of the passage the dream-state continues. At about the halfway mark comes the first horrid reminder of a destination, when the passenger list begins comparing notes on the subject of tipping. A full day is given over to all sorts of formulas of who gets what. One man declares that he gives five dollars for each day of the crossing to all who have served him. Those who count this as too much begin a splinter faction: Does he really or is he just talking? (Since he is obviously traveling on an open-end expense account and says so, it is decided that he is credible but foolish.) The ten

percenters and the fifteens have their say, and the question becomes 10 per cent of what and to how many. Complicated methods of computing a barman's tip are exchanged between the pay-as-you-go and the sign-for-everything factions. ♦

The tipping flurry gives way to an even livelier hullabaloo on the subject of landing formalities and customs inspections. Like the spores of those mysterious molds that can traverse a five-story building a few seconds after they are exposed on a glass slide in the basement, any sort of rumor spreads through a ship in an instant. Most of the rumors are erroneous, they all concern money, and they generate a feverish interest among the passengers.

"I understand," says a passenger who is *not* bringing home a car purchased in Germany, "that the duty on German cars is now a flat 50 per cent. Pressure from Detroit, so it seems." His remark sets off the standard set of rumors on bringing back cars. That 50 per cent is boosted to an embargo. Will the customs allow a used-car valuation? Can the children's exemption be claimed against the car or is the exemption just for clothing and stuff like that? What if we bought the car in New York for delivery in Liverpool? What about registration plates after the landing? Dozens of answers circulate to each of the questions; veritable seminars are

held; the opinion of Boots or the assistant deck steward is quoted as if from Mr. Justice Frankfurter. One passenger is especially troubled by a second spare tire in his car, an extra: Should he declare it or just say nothing and hope for the best? He has documents to prove where he bought it and what it cost. . . .

The tension mounts in the home-stretch. The ship is still the same stronghold of pleasure that it always was, but there are few loungers around the pool, and even the bar is deserted. In their cabins the passengers are wondering how they ever acquired so many cardboard boxes and paper bags that some porter will soon have to lug for them at Grand Central at twenty-five cents each. What's that? It's now thirty-five cents? Heavens! Some passengers keep mislaying their vaccination certificates and finding and losing them again. More rumors sweep the ship: Customs inspectors have been ordered to get tough, to open every matchbox, rip out linings, squeeze every toothpaste tube. By the way, who carries the luggage from the customs to the taxi? There seemed to be two sets of porters the last time, and people had to tip twice. How? Yellow fever and typhoid shots if we've been anywhere in the Mediterranean?

It's a wan lot of merrymakers who sit down to dinner the last night out. Their spirits are suddenly revived by

a wonderful new rumor, this time a pleasant one, that the whole landing card flurry with the immigration men has been done away with, so far as U.S. citizens are concerned. There will be no waiting, no standing around; the Americans will simply go ashore, and that's that. Passengers who doubt this cheering news will find it all on the bulletin board the following morning, the rumor concludes. All the American citizens brighten at the news, with the exception of one man who is worrying about his vaccination certificate. A woman passenger, old transatlantic hand, has just pointed out to him that he failed to have it stamped by the public health office, and it says so, right there in the fine print, that he should have done it. The man begins thinking about long-distance calls to his doctor and possible detention in a quarantine ward. What if his doctor happens to have gone away on a fishing trip?

The great luggage hubbub comes and goes the next day. The luggage, placed by the obedient passenger in the corridor just outside his cabin, gradually disappears. So do the stewards, once they have been tipped. A crowd seems to be gather-

ing in the first-class lounge, including a good many Americans. The passenger who decides to wait it all out in his cabin finds his cabin is bare, without even anything to read. He makes for the bar: the bar is closed, obviously forever. The passenger drifts back to the lounge, where the crowd is now immense. Can it be that these people are here waiting for landing cards and immigration men? Correct.

The passenger realizes, to his annoyance, that he is carrying a topcoat, a raincoat, a brief case (for no particular reason), and an umbrella. Shades of Piccadilly!

Laid out to accommodate some two hundred first-class passengers, the lounge now bulges with the whole list from all classes, and an overflow swamps the hitherto capacious foyer. Everyone is carrying unwieldy parcels, and harsh looks are exchanged here and there where a passenger has seen fit to pile burdens of this sort on a chair or a sofa instead of dumping them on the deck. But this is a minor matter, for there are seats for only a fraction of the crowd anyhow. They stand muttering and fidgeting and sweating. New York in late August is hot, and

the passengers think fondly of the glacial bedrooms and wintry skies of Scandinavia or Scotland or the Britany coast.

Just as their absence is becoming alarming, the immigration men do appear. Some semblance of a line begins to shuffle past them, and although they work quickly it does take time to rubber-stamp so many homecomers. Finally, the gangway is swung into place, a ship's officer is seen to descend to the pier, and the survivors of the landing-card interval now propose to bolt after him.

Not at all. Far from it. Those who jammed the lounge now jam the promenade deck. Another long elbow-to-elbow wait. No one is to budge, not a foot, until every last piece of hand luggage on the whole ship has been unloaded into the customs area. Tired? Hot? Feet hurt? Cheer up, you'll be home again as soon as you've got through the customs, found a porter, found a cab, found some more porters, and so on and so on.

What the passenger really needs by this time is an eastbound passage and a chance to rest up all over again.

CHARLES W. MORTON

The Little Leagues

BY LORRAINE LEHAN HOPKINS

A former news staffer on the Hartford COURANT, LORRAINE LEHAN HOPKINS is now a housewife in West Hartford, Connecticut.

That rugged little individualist who yesterday was hating knickers and straight-arming his best friend on a football field has been organized into battalions of anonymous little boys who take their orders from grownups and owe their allegiance to the team.

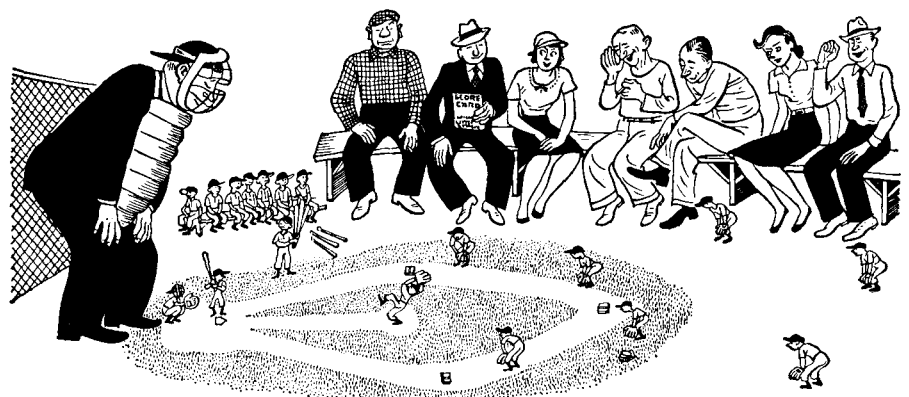
Look at one of those Little Leaguers, those Midget Football players, square in the eye, and you'll find the worst has happened: he's sold his independence for security at the age of ten. Exhorted by crowds, fed by publicity, clothed in impersonal uniforms, he has foregone the joys of the cheerfully unorganized, individual boy whose each summer day could be a little bit different from the one before.

The Little League summers have been with us some ten years now, and in my town we have already passed two Midget Football seasons. If there is anything more unprincipled than regimenting children's summer, it is lining them up on autumn Saturdays, encased in leather and shoulder pads, to send them smashing into each other. The fact

that accident insurance is carried on the youngsters doesn't make the spectacle any less appalling.

A lot of Little Leagues are, for lack of money, rag, tag, and bobtail affairs, and it may be that an element of youthful imagination survives in these. Occasionally the system may break down, and the kids just play "move-up" and let it go at that.

But the league I know functions in its purest form, and I really rue the day when my son will try to make me a Little League Mother. For they take the Little League very seriously in my town. All the



trappings, the hoopla, the ritual, the physical properties are present; and they are all faithful imitations of the big leagues. You really can't tell the players without a score card. They all look alike — like little Mickey Mantles, I suppose. You would think *somebody* might at least have had the imagination to choose a uniform color other than battleship gray.

The season usually opens with a parade in mid-May. The boys march from the high school in the center of town for about a half mile to the immaculately kept Little League stadium, replete with bleachers, advertising on the field fences (but no breweries allowed), dugouts

and, off to one side, as one mother put it, "a cute little bull pen."

The Little Leaguers step along, somewhat self-consciously, to the tune of "Take Me out to the Ball Game," an impossible thing to march to. The Little League players themselves are followed by the farm team members, who, having done poorly in preseason tryouts, settle for a berth in the bush league. They are distinguished from their betters by the lack of uniforms.

The parade is headed by grown-ups: the directors, coaches, and officers of the league, and — unless he can possibly avoid it — the mayor of the town. He is needed to toss the first ball.

And then the game begins; the players no longer children on a half-imagined diamond (where somebody's old shirt does for home plate) but ridiculously miniature adults awaiting their turns in miniature dugouts, or scowling fiercely in the batter's circle, or swinging three bats, or stepping up quickly to shake the hand of the man who just clobbered a four-bagger (the little punk), or doffing a cap to the cheers from the bleachers, or making expert chatter (that dreary "Hey boy, hey boy, no hitter here"), or just being an all-round deadly serious Little Leaguer.

That's the point. No boy ten years old should take himself seriously. Utter lack of humor is probably the most distressing aspect of the system — it is all so *earnest*. But of course why shouldn't it be, when there is so much at stake: cheers, trophies, titles, and newspaper headlines. And if you get to be a real whiz, why there's your picture in the paper, right there on the same page with Stan the Man and Ted the Kid.

The striking thing about all this imitation of grown-up behavior is that the Little Leaguers are really no longer children in a child's world of spontaneity and genuine responses, a world of magic and make-believe.

The Little League is like a long, dreary dress rehearsal of children acting out roles which grownups have not only assigned but, worse still, have written. So the summer is a show, whether the grownups turn out for the games or not, for the league is artificially imposed and stupidly stylized.

In my town, the grownups do turn out, mothers and fathers dragging with them the rest of the family. Why any Little Leaguer's sister would consent to witness this outrageous display of male supremacy is beyond my comprehension. For this orgy of "togetherness" revolves solely around the young male of the family, and in all of this there is not a crumb for his sisters.

And even if none of these things were true, I'd still go on quarreling with the Little Leagues. At least until they let little girls in.

GEORGE STARBUCK

TOURISTS FROM THE CITY

Having disposed of lunchbags out the windwings,
having watered the shoulder at the wigwags,
skidding at last on gravel by the gas pumps,
we saw the dancers forming by the wigwam.

Choosing to fill the bill, we talked of wampum,
hogans, and wickiups, and bought a program.

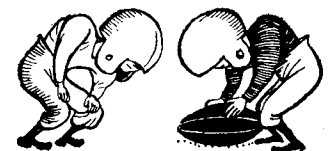
After their heavy labor for the plowman,
the dancers stood and smoked. We bought our women
cloth of the herdsman, and the huntsman's weapon.

Later we stooped our way (we had that power)
under the corrugated iron and paper
into the house of wrinkles, to the powwow,

and made our peace, passing the bright wrapper
first, and the cupped flame. Later it was proper
to introduce our wives, who talked of supper.

Laughing, the young garageman offered totems
fresh from their shipping crates, and riffed the tom-toms.

Now back it is, in Thunderbird and Swept-wing,
hearing in the rain the old men whispering,
feeling this blood, this old man strange to weeping
that sits within our hearts, his brown face warping.



Refrigerator Door

BY LOYD ROSENFELD

LOYD ROSENFELD lives in Mexico. His writings as a free lance appear in many newspapers and magazines in the United States.

No sooner do I open the refrigerator door to partake of a cool drink, outwit a tray of ice cubes, or grab a turkey leg, than my wife calls, from whatever part of the house she may be in, "The refrigerator door is open!"

This can hardly be intended as a news item, so I realize that it must be implied criticism. Even so, it is the only way I know to get at the foodstuffs or beverages inside, unless I burrow up through the motor or remove the rear panel with a small charge of nitroglycerin — neither of which would be, in my opinion, preferable to opening the door, although these methods would happily do away with my wife's announcement, "The refrigerator door is open!"

This statement, if not acted upon within five seconds, is followed up by the even firmer one, "You are letting all the cold air out." I never knew the human skin could be as sensitive to air currents as is my wife's. A good seventy-five feet away, and separated by innumerable walls, pieces of furniture, and passageways, she can still feel cool air rushing from the refrigerator. Why, I — stooped directly in front of it, with cold mashed potatoes on my groping fingers — can scarcely feel a thing!

About this time, to keep my wife from flying out to the kitchen to find out what culinary project I have in mind, I usually slam the door loudly, then begin again. However, she is rarely deceived, and the commentary continues, a bit more pointed as time rockets by.

"Everything will spoil!" is usually the next remark, made from a room considerably nearer my scene of pilferage than previously. I have gone to a great deal of trouble to prove to her, in a scientific paper, that leaving the refrigerator door open for 52 seconds will increase the temperature inside only 2.16 degrees (Fahrenheit), and this loss will be restored within 93 seconds after

the door is closed again, but it has thus far failed to prevent her next remark, made from a point immediately behind my right shoulder: "You are going to ruin the refrigerator."

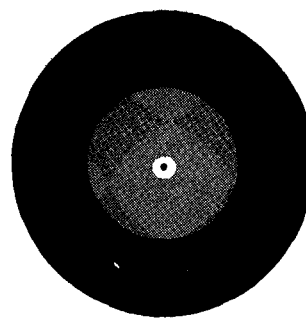
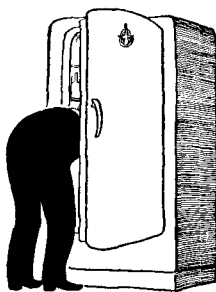
(One night when the children were asleep, there was nothing more to watch on television, and we were happily chatting and relaxing over a nightcap, I quietly asked my wife, "Why would leaving the door open ruin the refrigerator?" She looked at me coldly — more coldly than the freezing compartment ever had — before replying. "Why, for the same reason that running up stairways all day long would shorten your life — it overworks the machinery. Good night.")

"I'll be finished in a moment," I call out to her, knocking over a loosely capped bottle of olives in my haste to save the doomed refrigerator.

"Just tell me what it is you want and I'll get it for you," she says. "I know exactly where everything is."

"Oh, I'm not hungry," I say at this point, straightening up and firmly closing the refrigerator door (possibly just in the nick of time). "I was merely cooling off an overheated elbow I've been leaning on a bit too much." I then make a dignified exit from the kitchen. My wife then opens the refrigerator door and leaves it that way for fifteen minutes while she cleans up the olive juice and realigns things I have allegedly moved out of conformation during my tour de force.

Not only is our refrigerator still running perfectly, but I am keeping my weight under control very nicely. So perhaps my wife is worried about me, after all, instead of the refrigerator. *Quien sabe?*



Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

When you read this, stereophonic discs will have come into the market in quantity and will be absorbing everyone's interest. At the time of writing, however, duplicate delivery of stereo and monophonic had not begun; the records here reviewed are all monophonic. My experimental conclusion is that a record which is good in monophonic version is also very likely to be good in stereo, and vice versa. I shall deal with the records hereafter on that basis.

Bach: Concerto for Harpsichord, Flute, Violin, and Orchestra in A Minor; Concerto for Harpsichord and Orchestra in D Major

Rolf Reinhardt conducting Helma Elsner, harpsichord; Karl Mess, flute; Susanne Lautenbacher, violin; Pro Musica Orchestra, Stuttgart; Vox PL-10730: 12" The D Major Concerto is, as some will know, the Second Violin Concerto (in E Major) rearranged for keyboard. It is as likable in one guise as the other; more fluent with the fiddle, sturdier on the keyboard. Here it is given with fine plangent verve and solid rhythm; I think it may be my favorite version. The work on the overside would get the same unqualified endorsement were it not for the prettier (if less stalwart) job done by the Solisti di Zagreb for Vanguard. The choice between the two is harder than I care to make.

Cherubini: Medea

Tullio Serafin conducting Maria Meneghini Callas, Mirto Picchi, Renata Scotto, Giuseppe Modesti, other singers; orchestra and chorus of Teatro alla Scala; Mercury OL-3-104: three 12"

It is easy, when one starts listening to *Medea*, to understand why Cherubini should have been the opera composer Beethoven most admired.

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BY VIRGINIA B. FEINE

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Its topic is huge and dramatic beyond the characters in its cast. Its atmosphere is terror: the witch will come, and her evil will prevail, no matter what valor and defiance are brought against it (this is the reverse or mirror image of *Fidelio*, of course, where from the first note we know Leonore will fell the tyrant Pizarro). In *Medea* the horror is victor, but Jason and Creon fight every step of the way, and the music abets each moment of suspense. This is the kind of opera which promotes squabbles on the sofa, where everyone is trying to read the libretto at once. Maria Callas is absolutely and unutterably horrible in her role, and I can think of no higher praise. Maestro Serafin keeps things shuddering along beautifully, and the rest of the performers do their work splendidly. Mercury's excellent sound forwards the grue beyond complaint.

Mozart: Symphony No. 40; Eine Kleine Nachtmusik

William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Capitol PAO-8432: 12"

There really have been enough G Minor Symphonies, or so one would think until hearing this one. Steinberg, one of our great modern conductors, had to be given his chance at this work, and he has not wasted it. I do not know quite how to compare his effort with those of Beecham and Walter, but it does stand the comparison. Steinberg's version is, I think, the most melancholy, in some ways the subtlest. Its song is almost a sigh. It would not be my choice; I like the Beecham, but some want their Mozart all spirit and no body. By contrast, this Serenade is a little massive, by reason of a lot of strings and a rather big, empty hall.

Rossini: Le Comte Ory

Vittorio Gui conducting Juan Oncina, Sari Barabas, Ian Wallace, other singers; Glyndebourne Festival Chorus and Orchestra; Angel 3565-BL: two 12"

This is Rossini in French, which may seem a novelty, though he wrote more than once for the Paris public. The opera itself is more than a novelty, though. It seems to me a better work, all told, than the *Barber* or *Cinderella*, full of marvelous joviality and inimitable Rossinian songfulness. The plot is indescribable, replete with the inevitable transvestitism that seems to have convulsed all 1820 audiences infallibly,

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and with complication that passeth all understanding. Reluctantly I must say, however, that the performance is a trifle too well-bred to make the most of the music. It is, so to say, somewhat too Sunday-afternoon-at-Glyndebourne, with more than a little consciousness of cuteness. But there is high competence as well, and one cannot have everything always. The sound is just about adequate.

Stravinsky: Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra; Concerto for Two Solo Pianos

Alfred Brendel and Charlotte Zelka, pianos; Harold Byrns conducting Symphony Orchestra of the Southwest German Radio; Vox PL-10660: 12"

These works were written in 1928 and 1935, and both bring to us the Stravinsky who was a celebrated pianist. The Capriccio is almost jazzy (or at least as jazzy as Art Tatum ever was) and delicious in its playfulness. The Concerto is cleverer, less moving, but hypnotic in its ceaseless rhythmic glitter. Both works are so lithe and motile that they cannot tire the listener; he always craves the next note. These performances seem to me about as good as anyone could desire, and the sound is bright and solid.

Tchaikovsky: Concerto No. 1 in B Minor
Van Cliburn, piano; Kiril Kondrashin conducting Symphony of the Air; RCA Victor LM-2252: 12"

My wife has saved me, in this case, an ordeal of description. She had sat through much of the session that produced this record, and when we played the result at home, she said: "That still sounds to me like a crack train pulling into the station." And that's about it. These gentlemen, Messrs. Kondrashin and Cliburn, simply know that what they are doing they can do better than almost anyone else alive, and they pull into the station with a joyful blast of steam that will set your hair on end. Do not hesitate to go out and purchase this piece of flowing and roaring delight, no matter how many other people are doing likewise. There are tears in the slow movement as well as fireworks in the finale; there is mastery throughout; and there is a thoroughgoing love for the music, which deserves love. RCA Victor has contrived for the venture a silver sound altogether fitting.

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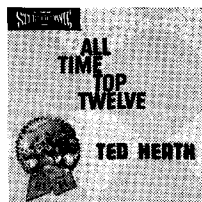
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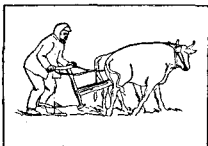


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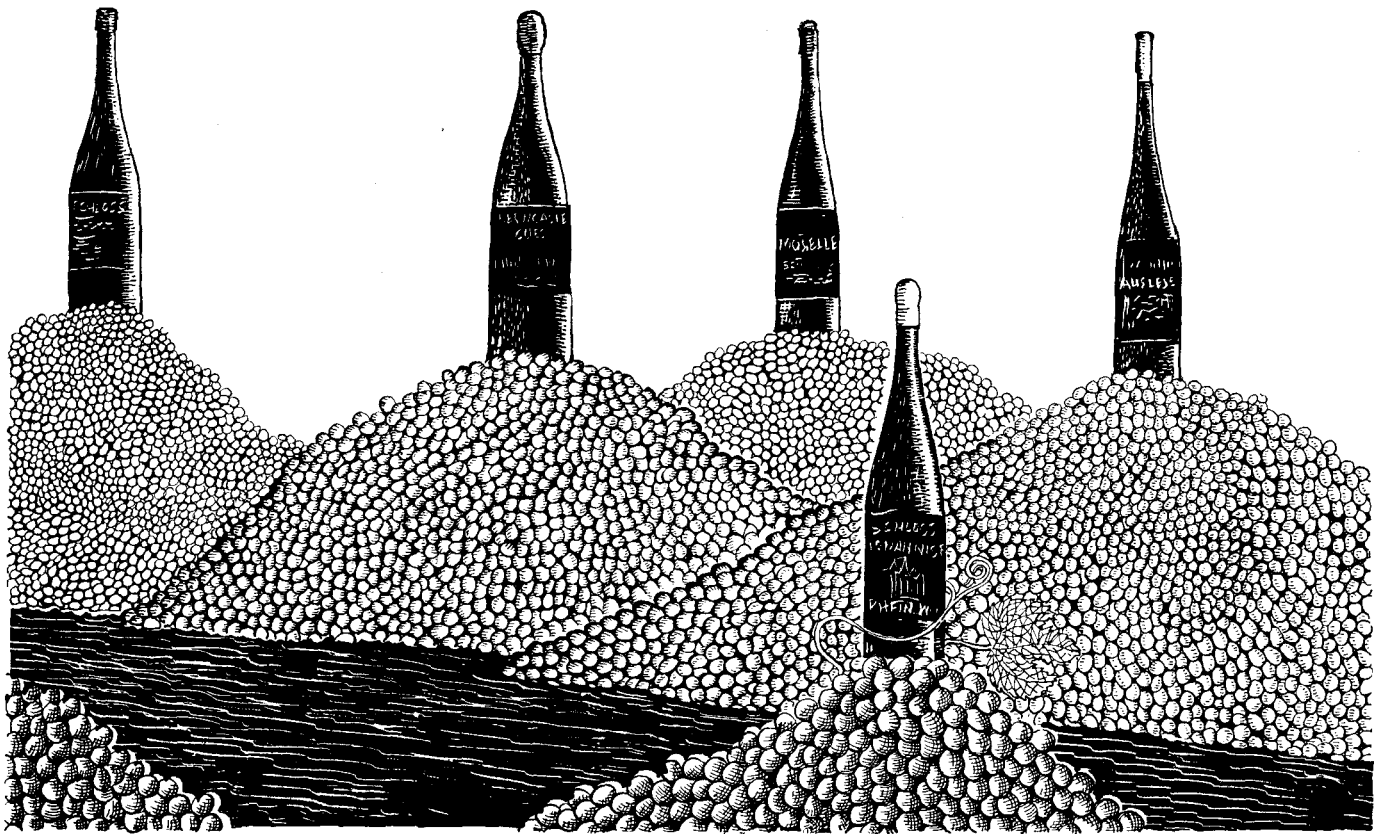
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pleasures *and* places



THE GERMAN WINES

BY TERENCE PRITTIE

In 1752, so the story runs, the town councilors of Bingen (on Rhine) decided to taste the 1751 vintage — or that part picked, pressed, and cellared by the commune — immediately after a routine meeting. The council chamber was only two floors above the cellars, and the meeting was short. At the end of it, the clerk of the council, Ritter Boos von Waldeck, found he had no pen to sign the minutes. He decided that a pencil must do but he asked for one in vain: four and thirty councilors could not produce even a stub of a pencil from among them.

Boos von Waldeck decided that the signing of the minutes could wait, so he led the councilors down to the cellar. There stood three dozen bottles ready for tasting, but the clerk had forgotten something for the sec-

ond time that morning. He had no corkscrew. This time his omission was quickly repaired: four and thirty corkscrews flashed from the pockets of the councilors.

The Germans love tales about wine like that of the “Bingen pencil” almost as much as the wines themselves. The telling of them is a part of the ritual of wine drinking which Germans not only expect, but demand. Here are a few points of that ritual.

Drink wine whenever you feel like it, but drink good wine at your leisure. Wine glasses must be clear, so that you can appreciate the delicacies of tints, which range from the palest yellow of young and maidenly wines to the rich gold of pedigree veterans (85 per cent of all German wines, including all the best, are

white). Long-stemmed glasses bring a wine’s fragrant bouquet nearer to your nostrils and give plenty of stem for your hand (cellar-cold is the best temperature for most German wines; twenty minutes in the icebox can improve and will do no harm; not so, warm fingers clasped too lovingly round the bowl of the glass).

The Germans are famous formalists, and ritual can become tedious. They lift their glasses, with appreciative sniff, to each and every member of the company, with spoken or silent toasts, sip reflectively, lower their glasses halfway, but lift them again to their neighbors before setting them down at last.

Although it has obvious virtues, this can take rather long. But there is time to savor color, bouquet, and taste and to roll the wine lovingly round the palate. Three senses have been satisfied. The German approach is at least preferable to that of the host of the Southward Inn, on the West Road out of London, who hung this sign in the sixteenth century, “Drunk for one penny. Dead Drunk



100 Lire. Worth about 16 cents. The lira is over 2000 years old. Nowadays in Rome, about 100 of them buy a dish of Tagliatelle alla Marinara (extra thin "spaghetti" with seafood sauce) at a Trattoria. *Fabuloso!*

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The making of German wine has nothing to distinguish it from the making of wine elsewhere. The vintage, or *Weinlese*, is late, and pickings may start at the very end of October. In a northern climate the grapes need every bit of sunshine



they can get. Grapes for white wine are pressed at once, for red after ten days' fermentation has let the color "run" from the skins. *Vin rosé*, made when grapes are pressed a few days after picking, is rare in Germany and is called *Schimmer* or *Schiller* wine. The word connection with the poet is not genuine.

After pressing, the juice is run into casks and left there for upwards of six months (once it was much longer, but Germans are drinking their wines quicker and younger today, and they have to be bottled sooner). The cellar master will sample the wines from each cask so often that he will get to know all their characteristics. The cellar owner will conduct his private tasting before he bottles his wine or ships it to wine merchants in the cask. The latter, today, want to get their hands on as much wine as possible. They may buy, bottle, and sell sooner than is desirable. Such is the pressure caused by expanding demand—Germans are drinking nine liters per head per year, against only four before the war—and the effects of three lean wine years in a row.

The long, reddish-brown Rhine wine or *Hock* bottles, the slim green bottles of the Moselle, and the squat *Bocksbeutel* flagons of Franconia have this in common: they bamboozle the beginner and often trap him into asking for a "brand" name which he mistakenly imagines must give him something good. This made Carl Zuckmayer, author of *The Captain of Köpenick* and *The Devil's General*,

remark that "There are no wine lists in the United States or Canada which do not head their German wines—if they include any—with *Liebfraumilch*. Sometimes one has the impression that Germany is a single vineyard."

In reality, *Liebfraumilch*—never great and often much less than good—is, as an English expert said, "Germany's *appellation non-contrôlée*." It can be produced from any Rhine wine of good quality and pleasant character. This was laid down by the Worms Chamber of Commerce in 1910. Little wine comes from the original vineyards of the Liebfrauentstift church in Worms, and *Liebfraumilch* may be collected from anywhere within forty miles of the place, blended by wine merchant or foreign importer, sweetened with injections of ground or liquidized sugar. A fancy label (Doctor Faust or Meistersinger) can be slapped on and a substantial price charged. *Liebfraumilch* takes a low place, if it appears at all, on German wine lists. On British, its latest and most dubious challenger is "Schön Frau Wein. Piesporter."

Germany has wine laws, and they are strictly enforced. German-bottled wines—including *Liebfraumilch* robbed of its pretensions—do not deceive. A glance at the cork capsule will show whether the wine has been bottled by a grower or, at least, a reputable firm. If the bottle carries the word *Originalabfüllung*, this is a second check on its authenticity. If labeled *Natur*, it will contain a



pure wine, with no sugar added. Then there is the name of the wine and its year of growth.

If the word *Spätlese* is added, the grapes were picked late and the wine is of superior quality. Higher up the scale is the *Auslese*, for whose making whole bunches of grapes have been set aside and allowed to ripen longer.

Titles of nobility, like *Feine* and *Feinste Auslese*, sometimes occur on the rungs of the ladder leading to the kings and emperors, the *Beerenauslese* and *Trockenbeerenauslese*. These are nectar — rounded, smooth, sweet but not sickly — and can be made only in very small quantities in a very fine summer. They may fetch twenty or thirty dollars a bottle at the wine auctions of Trier and Eltville.

All in all German wine labels should cause no alarm or embarrassment. One reads: "1953. Wehlener-Sonnenuhr. Auslese. Originalabfüllung Josef Pruem." This is easily interpreted: 1953 was a magnificent wine year; Wehlen has some of the finest vineyards on the Moselle and in all Germany; the Pruems have grown wine for several hundred years. This one will be full, fruity yet elegant, a delicious experience.

The science of German wine classification had a curious beginning. Three hundred years ago the Johannisberg hill in the Rheingau, facing south across the river and sitting snug in the shelter of the Taunus mountains, was the property of the Abbey of Fulda. One year, the Abbot — busy, perhaps, with rents and revenues — forgot to order the *Weinlese*. The sun continued to shine with unusual strength, drawing the moisture out of the grapes and shriveling them up. At the same time, a tiny fungus, *Botrytis Cinerea*, got to work on its own, coating the fat, full grapes until they began to look like desiccated raisins.

One day the Abbot saw them and flew into a rage. He believed that the vintage was ruined, but he ordered the picking — more as a penance than anything else. The grapes were picked in a great hurry, at just the right time, and they made a great wine. Out of this disordered incident has grown the science of picking, as complex as any military campaign.

Naturally, wine names are liable to have snob appeal. The Bernkastel Doktor, for instance, is apt to sell at substantially higher prices than the equally fine wines made a mile or two away at Wehlen, Zeltingen, and Graach. Berncastel Cues had a good story to tell which made it famous. Kurfürst Bohemond of Trier contracted a mysterious fever in 1356. His doctors were helpless, so a reward was offered for a cure. It was earned by a knowing old soldier,



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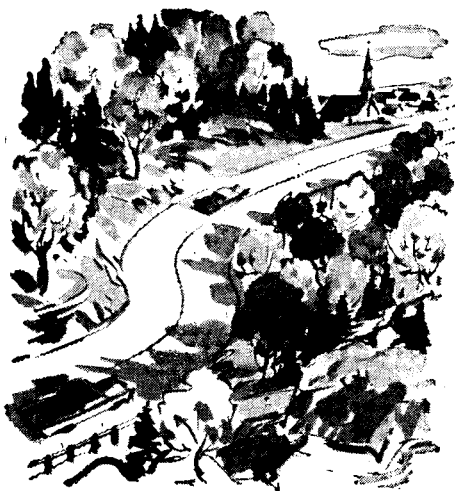
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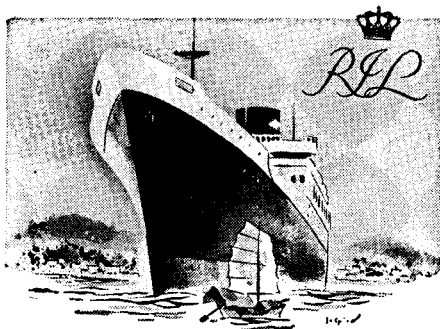
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who carried a small cask of wine to Trier from the Berncastel Cues vineyard, which the Kurfürst gratefully dubbed his "doctor."

Schloss Johannisberg has a double cachet, from castle and place name. One or two names have won fame from originality, like the Wachenheim Geruempel, or dustbin; the Forst Ungeheuer, or monster; or the Kroev Nacktarsch, or bare backside, which appeals so much to the natives of the Moselle. But these names need not be distrusted; their use is guarded by the few entitled growers.

Good and bad years are easily remembered. The London Wine and Food Society issues a little card each year which lists the quality of European wines under eight headings during the past twenty-five years. Rhine and Moselle are lumped together under one heading. The card is a faithful index, for the society's president, M. André Simon, is a connoisseur and gourmet.

Thanks to high acid content, German wines keep a long time, and there are 1921s which have retained body and are still developing their beautiful bouquets. But these are exceptional. Even 1934s and 1937s, highly prized in their days, are beginning to fade. The fine 1945s and 1947s are unprocurable, for little was made in each of those two wonderful summers, and 1949 also produced a small vintage — 1.3 million hectoliters against an average year's 2.5 million. The 1949 wines are still met sometimes and should be greeted with tender fervor. The year 1949 was the third of a run of seven "fat" years, and looked to be the best until 1953 came along.

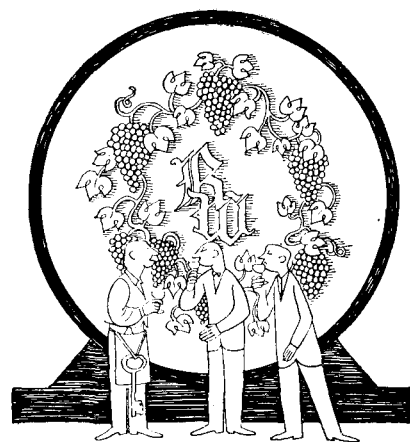
The 1953 vintage is still laying its claims to be the wine of the century (contested by 1911, 1921, and 1949). In the first place, it was a big year in quantity, with no spring frosts and a 2.4 million hectoliter vintage. Secondly, it produced wines of superb quality that benefited from an autumn sunshine which looked as if it would never end. These wines are still maturing and gaining in character. Unfortunately they are already terribly expensive, with a fair *Natur* wine costing around two and a half dollars.

This is only partly due to increasing consumption in Germany. Since 1953 there have been three lean years. Three million hectoliters were produced in 1954, but there was far too little sunshine. The wine has a

high acid content and will keep but will not improve. There was some late summer sunshine in 1955, but pickings were put forward by an early hoarfrost which stripped the leaves from the vines and stopped organic growth. The 1955s may not keep.

In 1956 there were gripping black frosts in spring, and less than a million hectoliters of wine were made. The quality is wretched, and what reached the market is mostly sugared stuff lacking all individuality. Although 1957 will produce twice as much wine, it will be mainly mediocre. October's fine days came too late and too singly, and 1957s will not prove as good as 1954s and 1955s.

Good wine can still be found inside Germany. The average wine waiter knows his job; the average



Weinstube values its clientele. The following notes may be of some help.

RHINE WINES. The three great areas are Rheingau (powerful, sweet wines of individuality), Rhine-Hesse (fuller and sweeter, with rather less character), and Rhine-Palatinate (very strong, with striking differentiations and often a smack of the soil). As with all German wines, serve chilled. They are best drunk with the dessert course, but do well with fish and white meat, too. Classic Rhine wines are made from the Riesling grape, but a Traminer, with its muscat flavor, is especially good with dessert.

MOSELLES. Lighter, less sweet than Rhine wines, the best have exquisite fragrance and delicacy. A 1952 *Natur* (they can still be found, since they suffered from unfair comparison with the 1953s) is ideal with fish. Saar and Ruwer wines rank with Moselles, but have their own special characteristics.

FRANCONIAN WINES. Mostly from

the Würzburg area, they have a greenish glitter and an earthy taste which takes a little acquiring. Excellent with oysters and other seafood, ideal for a pre- or post-theater sandwich, and interesting as an alternative to pre-meal sherry or cocktail. These are wines for clear thought and discussion.

OTHER WHITES. The best of those not mentioned are the wines of the Nahe valley, which are, in a sense, halfway between Rhines and Moselles, less fruity than the former but fuller than the latter. They are strong, and excellent general-purpose wines. South Baden produces a fierier wine on the slopes of the Kaiserstuhl, and there are plenty of drinkable wines in fair-to-good years all the way down the Rhine valley.

GERMAN REDS. Deliberately left to the last. A good lining to the throat is needed in order to drink one of the "famed" reds of the Ahr valley. Some of the reds of Würzburg, the middle Rhine, and the Heilbronn area of Württemberg are much better. But compared with the French, German reds are harsh and of poor value. It is no consolation to hear that they have medicinal properties.

Three final thoughts about German wines. Uncork the bottle a good half hour before drinking it. This gives it a chance to "breathe." Do not replace the cork; it may flake into the wine.

Do not expect good wine or lovely wine queens at *Weinfeste* — most of the wine is young and "green," and the wine queens are generally chosen on the basis of knowledge of viticulture. Their physical proportions are apt to be generous.

Remember that the German wine growers are among the most hospitable people in the world. I have attended private tastings which began at three in the afternoon and ended at three in the morning. Growers believe in their wines, because love as well as labor has gone into their making. They love an apt compliment, as the story of the Archduke of Hesse's visit to the Mayor of Schwabsburg shows. The archduke was given a splendid meal and excellent wine. At the end of it he raised his glass to the mayor and said, "Sir, your wine is incomparable." The latter, unabashed, answered, "Your Highness, now I've made a good friend, I must admit I had a better one put by. Which we shall drink now . . ."



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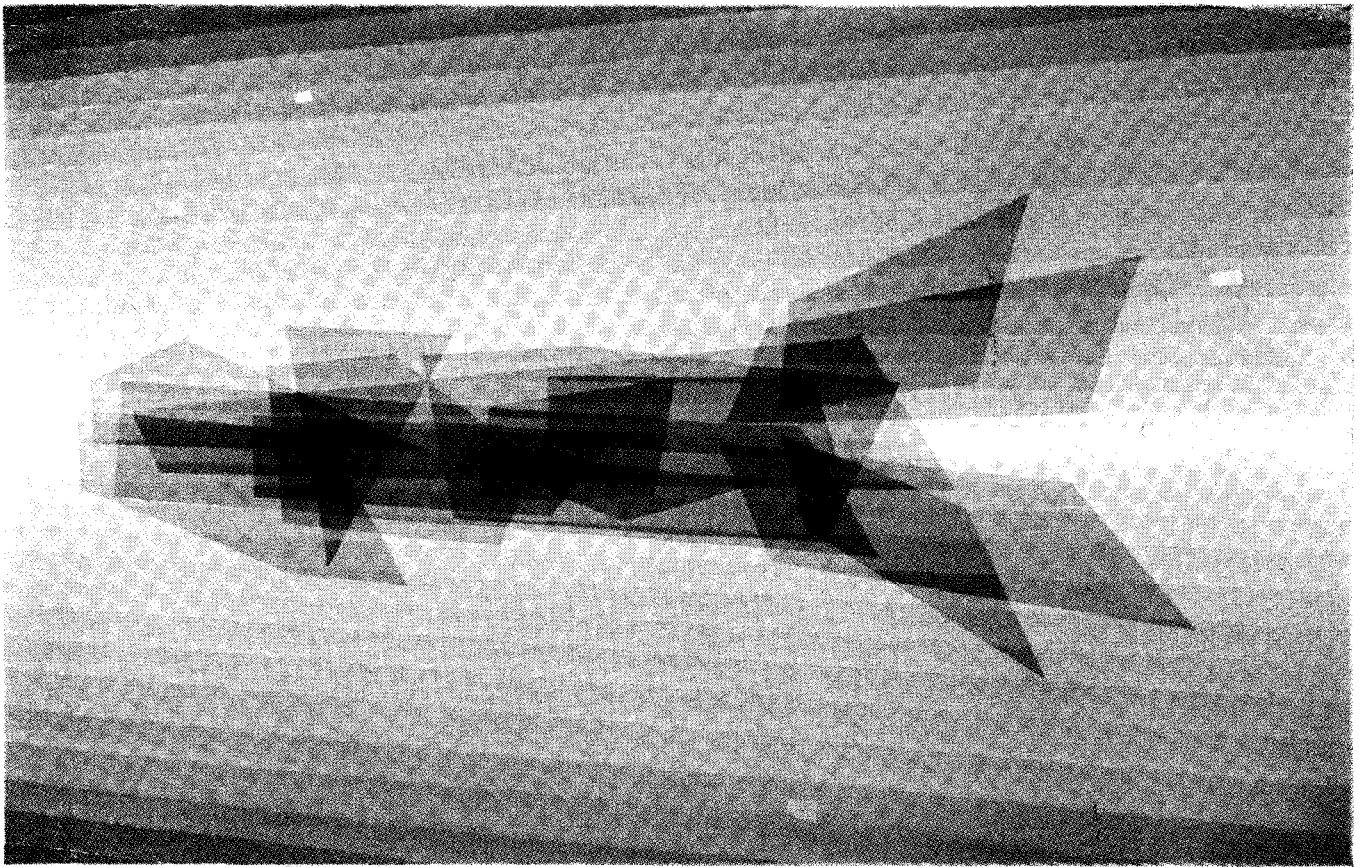
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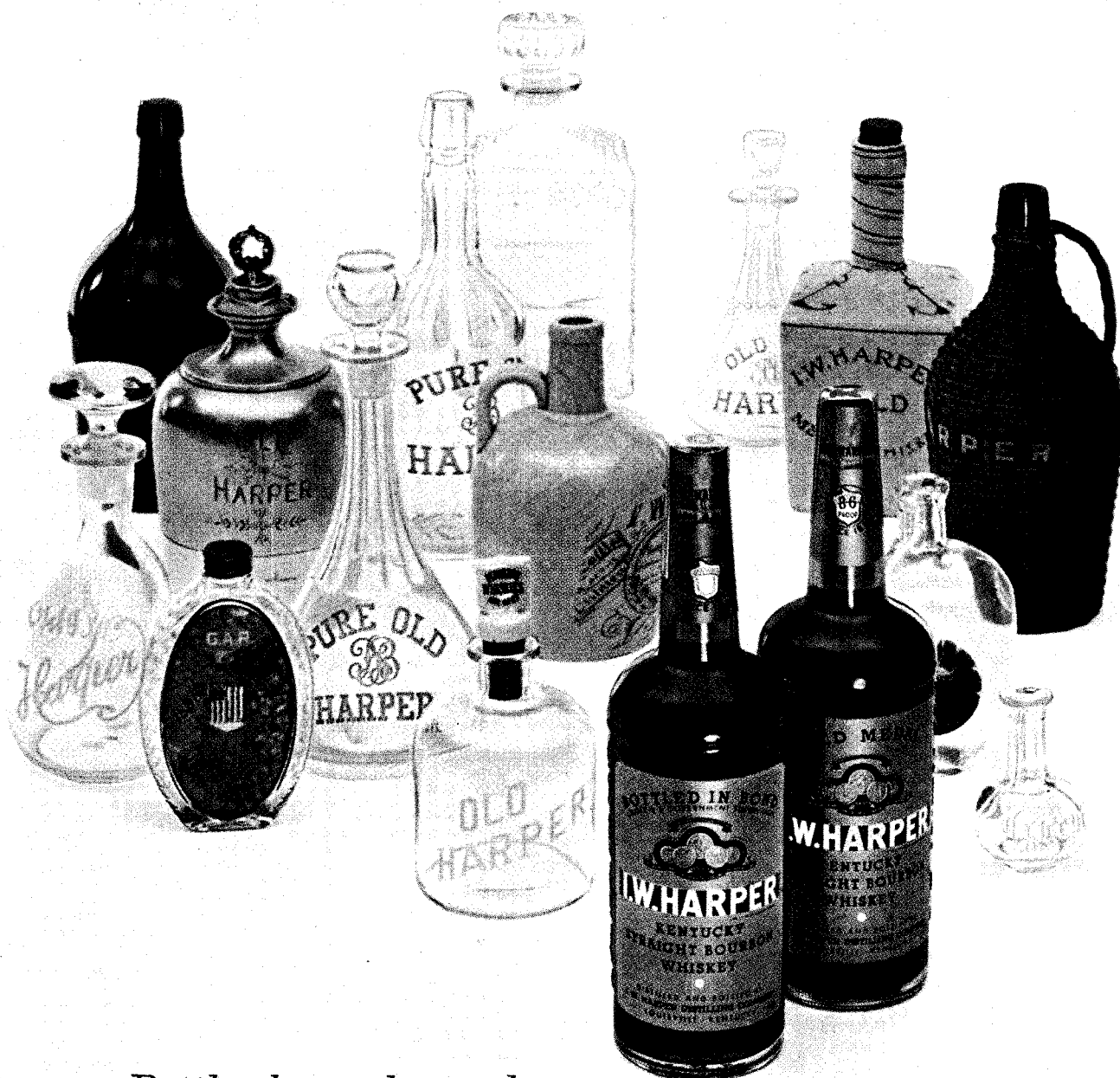
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